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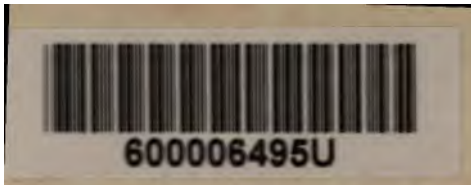
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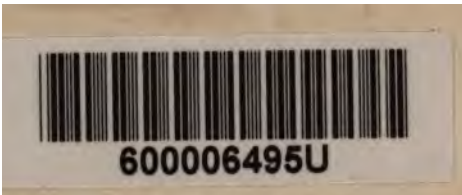
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A

# FATHER'S RECOLLECTIONS

OF

# THREE PIOUS YOUNG LADIES;

His Sermons at their Funeral;

AND

A POEM TO THEIR MEMORY;

ILLUSTRATING

THE LOVE OF GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

S. Piggott.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN.

1831.

232.



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# PREFACE.

The following work originated in a desire expressed by many of my Parishioners and the Friends of Miss Brown, to peruse the Sermon which I addressed to the young, the healthy, and the prosperous, on the occasion of her lamented loss. Comparing her removal from this terrestial scene in youth, with the early removal of my beloved Daughter Mary, at the age of eighteen, five years before, I beheld "TWO FLOWERS FADING;" and perused again with deepest interest, a Memorial of my Mary, which I had written to console the anguish I sustained in that distressing bereavement. I determined to add an abridgment of this to the Memoir and Sermon respecting Miss Brown. While the work was printing, my dear Daughter Elizabeth read the sheets as they came for correction

from the press with eager attention; and, she gave it as her opinion, that it might be highly useful to admonish young persons of the importance of religion, and to engage them to it by the cheerful aspect with which it was presented; as the narrative shewed that all its paths were "paths of peace." This work, she said, "is not mere *fiction*, but statements which may be depended upon as true." Thus she talked as she read over and over again the Sermon on Miss Brown, and the Memoir of her dear Sister Mary. "The Two Flowers Fading!" "The Title," she added, "is truly suitable and affecting!"

Ah! little did I think while thus conversing with this dear Child, and fixing the Name of the Book, that 'ere the Work was finished, and the Title of the "Two Flowers Fading" printed, that the beloved object of my affections!—my youngest Daughter!—My companion!—My friend!—My own dear and affectionate Lizzy,†

† The name we substituted for Elizabeth.

would be "The THIRD Flower Fading;" that this dear Child, the beloved *Idol* of my heart, was destined to be torn from me by the mysterious hand of a chastening Providence,—to point to me, and to all who knew her worth, with a *three-fold example* the solemn admonition, "The Grass withereth! the Flower fadeth!"*

Who, after this, will trust to any thing *Mortal* for *durable happiness?*

"A broken reed at best and oft' a spear,
On whose sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires!"

But "the word of our God shall stand for ever!" Where are those who plant bowers of bliss and build structures of happiness? "They build too low who build beneath the skies!"

To soothe my sorrows and beguile my thoughts, in the lonely habitation, the New Rectory, to which I was advised to retire with my other Daughter, while Mrs. P. remained to nurse poor Elizabeth, and would not quit her

* Memoir of Miss Brown and my Elizabeth, will be found at the 103d Page.

beloved remains till they were borne away to the tomb,—I attempted to pour forth the feelings of my heart respecting my beloved Lizzy, in Poetry, in the same measure as MOORE'S "Loves of the Angels," to some of whose characters I often used in my affectionate regards to compare her. I have accommodated a few lines distinguished by inverted commas, to her; but have made the theology accord with what I conceive to be the Scriptural doctrine. Surely poetry befits a subject where the heart is so deeply interested, and where scenes are described too agitating for the tameness of prose—where tenderness melts or fear shakes the soul—where hope soothes it—and faith elevates it to extacy. Whatever reception the Poem may meet with from the cold eye of the critic, and the heartless glance of one who has never been a Parent, I have the satisfaction of looking upon the verses as a MEMORIAL, *warm from my heart, of a* BELOVED DAUGHTER, whose sweet image I wished to present in a lasting form to my own mind, 'ere

time had obscured the traces of the lovely picture; and in drawing which, my soul found its sweetest cordial, presented by the hand of Hope and Faith.

To this I have added another Poem, viz.—"The Loves of Guardian Angels," who minister to the heirs of salvation, which I composed in commemoration of my beloved Mary, to soothe and satisfy my mind, which ever was following with parental love her departed spirit.

Should these Memorials of my two beloved Daughters, and of my esteemed Friend and Parishioner, Miss Brown, and the Sermons Preached upon two of the affecting occasions, tend to soothe sorrows of a kindred nature—cheer the mind of one heart-broken Parent, and encourage the young to spread their sails for the haven of eternal rest as soon as they enter upon the ocean of life—to employ time well for the improvement of the mind, the salvation of the immortal soul and the benefit of others; then

my dear Children will not have lived in vain, their death will be life to others, and my object will be answered; and to the Lord of Life and Death shall be the praise.

*Rectory, Dunstable, 4th June,* 1830.

## PART I.—THE FLOWER FADING.

# INTRODUCTION AND MEMORIAL OF MISS BROWN.

WHEN I preached the following Sermon, in commemoration of Miss Brown, little did I think that the solemn lessons then addressed to the young, would be soon impressed again, by a most affecting bereavement in my own family.

God in mysterious wisdom often calls away the most lovely and respected—those who excite the strongest interest in their relatives. His design may be to arrest the attention of the survivors:—"for us they sicken and for us they die!" But, perhaps, it is because their Heavenly Father wishes to have his beloved children home, and, therefore, takes them as soon as fit, to fill the stations in Heaven designed for them.

The death of the amiable and prudent Miss Brown, produced a great sensation among the young people in Dunstable, and deeply affected my own Daughters. My dear Elizabeth wrote out several copies of Croly's Verses, "Dust to Dust!" quoted in the Sermon, to distribute among her young friends.

How uncertain is life! healthy, young, and cheerful as she was, who would have thought these words would so soon have been pronounced over her own grave! What a changing world is this! How quickly do scenes of sorrow follow those of joy! Not many months before, my whole family took their Christmas dinner at Mr. Brown's, at Dunstable Park; when the young people with flying fingers swept the tuneful strings together and united their cheerful voices. Miss Brown's decay and decease which followed, deeply touched them. But, how soon has my dear Daughter followed to the same house appointed for all living; where the tuneful tongue is dumb, and the hand motionless till the resurrection morn! Oh! I remember a foreboding thought, that crossed my mind while preaching the Sermon for Miss Brown: "What if Providence should call away one of those beloved Daughters, who now shed their tears for their friend, how could I endure it!"

I had once been called to endure this afflicting trial, in the loss of my Daughter Mary, who was to me as my own soul. On this heart-rending bereavement, I attempted to soothe my mind in the silent interval betwixt her decease and her funeral, in looking back on the most interesting occurrences of her life, and in tracing the footsteps of her return to her God, by believing in her Saviour. These recollections I formed into a narrative. When requested to publish the Sermon on Miss Brown, I determined to enlarge the work by a selection from the Memorial of my beloved Mary, and to call it, "The Two Flowers Fading!" My dear Elizabeth read the proofs with the deepest interest as they came from the press. Oh! little did I apprehend that while perusing "The Two Flowers Fading," she would be the Third, and form the subject of a third part of the "Three Flowers Fading;" in which I had designed to give a *Memorial of the Princess Charlotte.* An event so unexpected, so sudden by the typhus fever, astonished and overwhelmed me with grief, and I could find no alleviation till I had sat down as in the former case, and written down all the affecting Memorials of my beloved and lamented Daughter, which my recollection could supply, and especi-

ally all the evidences of her faith and love to the Saviour, and her meetness for his kingdom. I would not attempt to convey to those who have never been parents an idea of the pangs of bereavement, felt by a parent on the loss of a beloved child. But to the thousands in this vale of tears, who at this moment are shedding the bitter tears of unavailing regret on the bereavement of a beloved Son or Daughter, I can speak sentiments understood and felt, when I tell them of the full-hearted grief—the poignant regrets—the nights of sorrow—and the mornings of disappointment—and the day walks of loneliness—and the chasms never more to be filled up—and the solacements never more to be renewed, which have been experienced at each loss of two Daughters of such promise and such affection, in whom our very "souls were bound up!"

I have endeavoured in both cases to draw out at full length the sweet picture of their minds while the recollection was vivid, that I might have their beloved images to contemplate, when the hand of time had worn away the traces on my memory.

But how delightful to parents who are called to mourn for their bereaved children, to recollect dawnings of virtue and of grace—acts of

piety to God, and benevolence to men—and the evidences of a soul ripening for the Kingdom of God. What pleasure such recollections gave me, I have detailed in the second part in the Memorial of my beloved Mary; and in the third, in the Memorial of my beloved Elizabeth.

I much lamented that I had no portrait of my beloved Daughters departed; but I was enabled, by the help of Mr. George Cruikshank, to obtain a resemblance of my Mary's features, partly from his recollection of her when in health, and partly from his having seen her after her decease.

While I look at those features, and shed at this hour the tear of parental affection, hope dries up that tear by reminding me that the spirit is with its Saviour, and that we shall meet our beloved Daughters again, never more to part.

I shall now mention a few particulars respecting my late excellent Parishioner, Miss Brown. She was the eldest Daughter of Frederick William Brown, Esq. of Dunstable Park. She had grown up much beloved by all who knew her, for her good sense, amiable manners, retired virtues, and correct taste. She was be-

come much endeared, and more useful to her Parents, by her prudent conduct, excellent understanding, and affectionate attention to them. She preferred their society and domestic retirements to visiting the Newspaper, and other scenes of public resort and dissipation. She found her principal pleasure & improvement, in reading books of solid instruction and moral improvement, and in the society of a few select Friends. To me she expressed her preferment of country retirement to the dissipated Town. In conversation I found her acquainted with the value of religion, and her obligations to her Saviour. And she was ever ready to give her helping hand to every good undertaking, and to send relief to the poor. She found much pleasure in reading Milton, Thomson, Miss Seward's Remains, Miss Wilkes's Remains, Cowper's Poems, and other books of similar sorts and tendency. And her good sense and just & pertinent remarks rendered her conversation and friendship a valuable acquisition to her Friends.

How unstable are all sublunary affairs. How soon are the fairest prospects in this world overcast! How many a religious & virtuous character will be removed beyond the grave, ere he thought himself

[illegible]

A cold which Miss Brown caught, supervening upon a delicate frame, brought on a consumption. Her opulent Parents spared no means nor expense for her recovery. She went with them to Bath and to the sea-side, and returned with some temporary benefit. But the insidious disorder still made slow but sure advances. An equal temperature of her bed-room and sitting-room was contrived by forming a communication between them: but this, at length, failed of bringing her relief, and she became weaker and weaker.

She then began more earnestly to attend to the important concerns of her immortal soul: and with pleasure received my visits to read the Scriptures, and pray with her: and took the Sacrament devoutly from my hands. Her humble sense of her own demerits, and her trust in her Saviour as her only hope, were peculiarly evident: and, though she was leaving affectionate Friends, and the prospect of an ample fortune, she looked forward, through the merits of her Saviour, to a more enduring inheritance in the presence of her God. Miss Bowdler's Remains afforded her, during her illness, much pleasure and profit in the perusal, and she recommended certain passages which

she marked with her pencil to the perusal of a near relation, saying "They deserve to be written in letters of gold."

Many wept when they heard of the departure of a lady, whose sympathy and bounty they had often felt; and the crowd that attended her funeral, and listened with solemn attention to the following discourse, proved the respect which they bore towards her when living, and their affectionate remembrance of her. And at the request of many I send it to the press.

I have mentioned at the 50th page of this work, that the 3rd part would be an abridgment of my excursion with my Daughters, to Claremont. Ah! little did I think when I penned this that so heart-rending a calamity would have substituted my Elizabeth for the Princess Charlotte. But should this work interest the public, I shall be encouraged to venture the 4th part, which shall comprise the Memorial of the Princess Charlotte, and many characters in my own congregation; who have, in the bloom of youth, faded as the leaf, but whose spirits soared from the world with the smile of faith, hope, and joy.

## THIS LIFE AND THE LIFE IMMORTAL; OR, THE FLOWER FADING AND BLOOMING AGAIN—A VOICE FROM THE TOMB TO THE YOUNG, THE HEALTHY, AND THE PROSPEROUS.

40 ISAIAH, 8.—*The flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.*

WHAT an expressive image is this of the fragility of human life! it fades as quickly as the flower—it is as exposed to danger as the flower of the field, which the rough blast may nip, and wither, and disperse; or which the passing beast may crop or tread under foot. And what a tender image!—how does it illustrate the sudden withering of beauty and youth! We admire—we delight in our young and beloved friends:—they are only beauteous flowers which may soon be cut down and withered. We look among our young friends with whom we have held sweet converse, whose flying fingers have swept the tuneful strings, whose smiles have delighted the social board, whose taste has improved us, whose virtues have edified, and whose retirement from a vain world to the bosom of domestic bliss, has set an example to

a thoughtless age, and enkindled the hope that they should become the mothers of a better race, whom they should train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But, alas! a few months and where are they? These flowers have faded, and we are left to mourn their loss, —but not to murmur. No. God is a Sovereign and is gracious. He doeth all things well and wisely—"What we know not now we shall know hereafter."

The righteous are taken away, none considering that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come! But they are not forgotten, —the fragrance of their virtues survives them. "The memory of the just is blessed."

I have been led to these reflections and to the choice of this text, as the ground-work of our meditations on the early death of our amiable Friend, whose mortal remains slumber beneath my feet till the resurrection, from noticing her pencil-marks to the following quotation from a volume, some passages of which, she told her affectionate Father, ought to be written in letters of gold:—

"Oh, happiness in every varied scene
Thro' toil, thro' danger, and thro' pain, pursued,
Yet oft when present scarce enjoyed;—when past
Recall'd to wound the heart, to blast the sweets

Yet given to life,—how are thy votaries
Misled by vain delusions, thus deceiv'd!
Let rising hope, for ever on the wing,
Still point to distant good, to perfect bliss,
While concious of superior powers, the soul
Exulting hears her call, and longs to soar
To scenes of real and unfading joy.
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
The grass shall wither, and the flower shall fade,
But Heavens eternal word shall still remain."

The hand which marked these lines is now motionless in the narrow house: but "tho' dead, she still speaketh" to us by these significant traces of her pencil. And what are the lessons which our text preaches, enforced as it is by this significant record of her thoughts, and by her early death?

Ist. It teaches us, that, HUMAN LIFE QUICKLY FADETH. The flower blooming and withering in an hour, ye dying mortals! is a picture of your condition in this fleeting world. To-day you are gay and elevated with the brightest hopes, to-morrow you are sunk in disappointment—torn with grief, or withering under the blight of sickness or the scythe of death! You are vessels launched upon the ocean of life—to-day you sail along with the favouring gale—your sails all spread to the wind, and to-morrow the

tempest tosses you far from harbour—a dark night of distress envelopes you, in which neither moon, nor sun, nor stars, for many days appear, and your slender bark is well nigh overwhelmed with the billows. Ye are pilgrims travelling to a distant world: to-day your path is strewed with flowers, and you are led through bowers of ease and gardens of pleasure: to-morrow you enter a dreary wilderness and travel through the valley and shadow of death. Alas! how frail is man! Look at the whole human race—they wither under the breath of God—"they perish under his rebuke!" What an awful, what an affecting spectacle! "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of grass! the grass withereth, the flower fadeth!" If then we are blind to futurity, and only look to the present transitory world, we grasp a shadow, and seize what will turn to dust in our hands:—"we sow the wind and we shall reap the whirlwind." "In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased. Yet, O Lord God, most holy!—O Lord, most mighty!—O holy and merciful Saviour! deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death!"

II. The subject teaches us that THE BRIGHTEST EARTHLY SCENES ARE SOON BECLOUDED, AND THAT SUBLUNARY JOYS QUICKLY FADE. Happiness is the aim of us all. Self-love has ever induced mankind to seek for repose and comfort, yet the complaint has been heard in every age, that happiness eludes their grasp. The prince and the beggar have sighed for happiness—the nobleman and the peasant have sought after it—the old have not relinquished their pursuit—the young have panted with eagerness to seize it—the strong have laboured to possess it—the gay have eagerly danced after it through every mazy scene—the healthy have travelled from kingdom to kingdom to find it—and the sick have wishfully waited and prayed to obtain it. Happiness, however, has flitted before them, like the phantom of night, as if impelled the faster by the breath of her eager pursuers. She has occasionally, indeed, glanced on them a smile, and vouchsafed to travel with them for a time, almost within their reach, but she has not taken up her fixed abode with any.

That human life is chequered with disappointment, and that complete felicity is unattainable in the present scene of existence, is a truth

which all must confess sooner or later. The children of sorrow will acknowledge it at once, for they are familiar with this gloomy picture. The afflicted will sigh over it as the well-known resemblance of their own lot. Those that are afflicted in mind, body, or estate, and who are familiar with losses and disappointments, recognize it at once as the counterpart of their own experience, for they have travelled through many days of darkness, and are convinced that this world is a vale of tears, and, that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." Sublunary joys soon fade as the flower of the field—the blast bloweth over them, and they are dispersed. The most prosperous are soon made acquainted with adversity, and the gay and merry are soon taught what it is to be wretched. The history of the world is one catalogue of examples in illustration of this. Behold the first parents of the human race. What bliss encircled them in the paradise of Eden! But in an evil hour they were tempted by the author of wickedness—the father of lies—to offend their bountiful Creator: and were in consequence banished from that beauteous garden of delight into a world of wretchedness,—their progeny ever since have found their

peace quickly disturbed, and their paradise soon turned into desolation and the shadow of death!

Lot admired the fertile vales of Sodom, but soon his cattle and his family, together with himself, were carried into captivity. When rescued by Abraham, he settled again in Sodom, and thought to live in comfort and die in peace there; but the brimstone-storm burned up the city and destroyed all he had, and drove him out from all these comforts stripped and bare to the barren desolate mountains!

Job was surrounded with a beloved family, and every morning and evening witnessed his anxious prayers in their favour, he was reverenced by all, and his riches exceeded those of any man in the east—and he thought to die undisturbed in his downy nest: but though he had placed his nest on high, God shook the tree whereon it was built, and down fell all his delights, and his visions of happiness vanished!

Nebuchadnezzar had conquered all his enemies, and had raised around him the vast and mighty city of Babylon, as an imperishable monument of his prowess and grandeur. He then walked upon its lofty battlements, and surveying the extended walls and mighty structures of this astonishing city, embracing a

circumference of sixty miles, he exclaimed in the pride of his heart and "the fulness of his sufficiency," "Is not this great Babylon that I have built, for the might of my kingdom and for the honor of my majesty?" But no sooner was this speech of self-satisfaction and vain-glory uttered, than a voice from Heaven denounced his degradation: and forthwith his reason departed from him, and he ran from his court howling into the woods, where he herded among the brutes of the forest, whom he resembled in his ingratitude to Heaven, until seven years had passed over him, and he was brought to acknowledge that the most High ruleth in the kingdoms of men!

Herod, arrayed in gorgeous apparel and sitting upon the throne, made an oration to the people, who charmed with his eloquence and dazzled with his splendour, exclaimed, "It is the voice of a God and not of a man!" But, that instant, the angel of the Lord struck him, "and he was eaten of worms, because he gave not God the glory."

A signal instance of the fading nature of human happiness lately occured in our own kingdom: and which strikingly applies to the present occasion. The beloved Princess Charlotte,

esteemed by the whole nation of Britain, was united in hand and in heart to the Prince of her choice. From the day of their union, they found their chief happiness in each other's society. "What was the world to them?" Its pomp, its pride, its glare? 'Twas nonsense all. They preferred the solid blessings of a happy home, in which they pursued congenial studies and exercised reciprocal virtues, entwined their bowers of delight, and directed the labours of the field, and the planting of the garden, and the arrangement of the parterre. In this terrestrial paradise they relieved the necessitous —attended the village church—practised family devotion, and perused the works of the best divines. It was a scene of domestic bliss which the whole nation admired. They had watched the rising virtues of the Princess, as they dawned from her childhood, and had already anticipated the promise of her maturity in a race of British Kings from so beauteous a stem of royalty. But lo! in one single night, all these lovely scenes were shrouded in the mantle of death: and the whole British nation broke out into one spontaneous lamentation, and shed the bitter tears of grief and disappointment.

The nation admired, loved, and mourned, within a few hours! Like the dew-drop "She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven!" The Eden which this amiable pair inhabited was unparadised at once. So quickly fades all human glory!—so closely allied is joy to sorrow!—so near the altar stands the tomb!—so soon the gorgeous car of wedlock is followed by the funeral hearse! "The flower fadeth!" And, now in our own parish we have witnessed, though in more private life and by slow decay, the gradual fading of the flower of youth and the blossom of promise. She was the eldest of two beloved Daughters of affectionate Parents —the only offspring with which Providence had blessed them—they had fixed their regard and their future hopes on her—in her discretion and judgment they placed the highest confidence—for her they had accumulated wealth—she was the flower which bloomed in their garden for twenty-six years—whom they had nurtured with the tenderest care—the fragrance of which had long delighted them, and whose virtues were the buds of hope and promise to console their declining years. But though the nipping blast was warded off, and the best physical nutriment administered to the slender plant,

at last "the flower faded!" But though it drooped and died, it has left the fragrant memory of its virtues—these will never fade but flourish eternally, invigorated by the waters of death which she hath passed, renovated by being transplanted to the immortal soil of the heavenly Canaan.

Let this be the consolation of her affectionate Parents and sister. Let this dry up the tears which they shed to her memory, while it reminds them of other tears oft shed over her while living:—

"For, if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refin'd and clear,
A tear so gentle and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious parents shed
Upon a duteous Daughter's head."

III. The subject naturaly excites the enquiry —WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THIS UNCERTAINTY—THIS FRAGILITY—THIS CONVERSION OF OUR PARADISE INTO THE SHADOW OF DEATH?

My Brethren, the cause of all this evil is sin. Sin entered into the world, and death by sin because all have sinned. We were like "fine gold" when first made. But sin mixed it with dross. Hence it is that "our fine gold has become dim, our wine mixed with water!"

she marked with her pencil to the perusal of a near relation, saying "They deserve to be written in letters of gold."

Many wept when they heard of the departure of a lady, whose sympathy and bounty they had often felt; and the crowd that attended her funeral, and listened with solemn attention to the following discourse, proved the respect which they bore towards her when living, and their affectionate remembrance of her. And at the request of many I send it to the press.

I have mentioned at the 50th page of this work, that the 3rd part would be an abridgment of my excursion with my Daughters, to Claremont. Ah! little did I think when I penned this that so heart-rending a calamity would have substituted my Elizabeth for the Princess Charlotte. But should this work interest the public, I shall be encouraged to venture the 4th part, which shall comprise the Memorial of the Princess Charlotte, and many characters in my own congregation; who have, in the bloom of youth, faded as the leaf, but whose spirits soared from the world with the smile of faith, hope, and joy.

IV. We are taught that THE TESTIMONY OF THE WORD OF GOD RESPECTING MAN'S PRESENT CONDITION IS TRUE. Every human event confirms the truth of scripture. Now what is the record of the word of God respecting human nature? That man is greatly degenerated and fallen from his original beauty and glory. The heathen guessed at this. But Revelation proves and asserts it: and facts establish its truth. "God made man perfect, but he sought out many inventions." His bounteous Creator made him glorious in his person, pure in his mind, and in his frame immortal as to his constitution. But sin sowed the seeds of turpitude, decay and death, and reduced his soul to depravity. God placed man while a perfect, wise, rational, and holy creature, in paradise. He gave him only one prohibition, "Of all the trees in the garden ye may freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil ye shalt not eat, neither shall ye touch it lest ye die." This perfection and happiness depended upon his keeping this test of obedience. How easy was this of observance—how small the prohibition! But Satan beguiled him, he persuaded him that instead of causing him to sink and fall it would elevate him in the scale of being. He fatally listened to the

she marked with her pencil to the perusal of a near relation, saying "They deserve to be written in letters of gold."

Many wept when they heard of the departure of a lady, whose sympathy and bounty they had often felt; and the crowd that attended her funeral, and listened with solemn attention to the following discourse, proved the respect which they bore towards her when living, and their affectionate remembrance of her. And at the request of many I send it to the press.

I have mentioned at the 50th page of this work, that the 3rd part would be an abridgment of my excursion with my Daughters, to Claremont. Ah! little did I think when I penned this that so heart-rending a calamity would have substituted my Elizabeth for the Princess Charlotte. But should this work interest the public, I shall be encouraged to venture the 4th part, which shall comprise the Memorial of the Princess Charlotte, and many characters in my own congregation; who have, in the bloom of youth, faded as the leaf, but whose spirits soared from the world with the smile of faith, hope, and joy.

—"the flower fadeth!" But is there no remedy for this wretched condition of man? no antidote to all this misery? Yes. For

V. WE LEARN FROM THE SUBJECT THE TRUE AND ONLY REMEDY FOR HUMAN ILLS. Mark the contrast in our text. What, "though all flesh be as grass, and the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field!" What if "the flower fadeth" and "the grass perisheth!" Yet "the word of our God shall stand for ever!" God plants his eternal word, and it rises vigorous, and bears fruit, and flourishes from generation to generation in undecaying vigour. It brings life and joy to our natural wretchedness, and impregnates the dying mass with the seeds of immortality. Poor human nature is depraved. She feels her meanness and misery in consequence. She looks forward "to dust to dust" as concluding her noblest song—in the grave all her prospects are buried! But the gospel lifts up the sable pall and tells us the body shall rise again, it clears up the gloomy clouds that hang over the grave, and exhibits to the soul a boundless prospect of immortality, stretching forward from glory to glory till it is lost in a fathomless Eternity. We see two affectionate Sisters following their only Brother to the tomb,

They meet the master, Jesus of Nazareth, and he goeth with them to the grave, and there weeps also himself over the ravages of death. But lo! he calls aloud, "Lazarus, come forth!" And Lazarus walks forth alive and in health to thank the Lord of life. Poor man is the child of yesterday, and "few and evil are his days,"—and then he goes to the dead. But the gospel shews him to be the heir of immortality—the child of Eternity—destined to dwell with the blessed God in Heaven for ever, or to sink with Satan and his angels into everlasting perdition! To attain to this eternal inheritance should surely be our chief concern. But the question is, how shall we secure it? Here the gospel comes in to our succour, and points out the path and supplies the means

VI. THE SUBJECT TEACHES US, WHERE TO FIND A SURE GUIDE AND COMFORTER THROUGH LIFE, AND A SURE BASIS OF HOPE AND SALVATION AT DEATH. The vanishing nature of every thing below, and the certainty and stability of God's word, are strongly contrasted in the text. "The flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever." The word of God tells us where to look for comfort in this world of sorrow—where to gain a present refuge from

its calamities—how to find a peace of mind, though all around be war and confusion. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has come down from Heaven to purchase a pardon for human guilt, and make peace with God for man through the blood of his cross. He, the Lord of all, took our nature upon him—lived a life of perfection—sustained innumerable sufferings—performed miracles of mercy—subdued the power of Satan, —suffered the death of the cross, and thus made an atonement for us: Then he rose from the dead triumphing over sin, and death, and hell, and ascended to God with the trophies of his victory, and there he pleads the merit of his blood, and invites us to look unto him and be saved. Hear him saying, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Hear God say with a voice from Heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!" "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "God the Father having given Christ for us, will with him also freely give us all things." If we come humbly to God, penitent for sin, and seeking forgiveness

through the Son of his love, he will accept, and pardon, and bless us Then if we learn to fear and serve him, and do good to others for his sake, we may find a paradise upon earth. And should this scene be overcast with clouds of sorrow and affliction, a gleam from Heaven will be sent to cheer us, God can make the wilderness to smile, and the desert to blossom as the rose. The man who loves God, who delights in contemplating his works, and in doing good, in imitation of his Saviour, enjoys the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and "all things shall work together for his good." And though afflictions betide him, yet he submits to them as the necessary chastisements of his heavenly Father, and believes that his wisdom will overrule them for his good.

I am persuaded, that our amiable young Friend departed, was not unacquainted with this Christian philosophy. When, by her own desire, I visited her, she conversed on her affliction in deep submission to the will of God, and gladly joined me in prayer and praise at the throne of grace * A third time when

* I beg here, for the information of many young persons who felt a high respect for Miss Brown, and were anxious in their enquiries respecting her, to subjoin a few particulars of what

I visited her to administer the Sacrament, she told me she was not a stranger to the need and benefit of affliction—that it was all designed to answer some good end. After receiving the Sacrament with a devout spirit, she expressed her perfect acquiescence in the will of God, and

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passed in my visits. At my second visit, I told her as she was unable to attend the Church, it was my duty to attend her, and read the scriptures to her, and pray with her. To this she gladly assented. We then all joined in the service for the sick, and used other prayers, and, notwithstanding her weakness, she would continue to kneel throughout.

After this service, I proposed, as she could not come to Church, to approach the table of the Lord in her sanctuary, to come at a future day and administer the Sacrament to her in her own room. The weakness of her frame and the exhaustion from the service combined, caused this proposal to be overwhelming to her feelings, which found relief in a flood of tears. I endeavoured to soothe her supposed alarm by stating that it was not from the idea of immediate danger, or any improbability of her recovery, that I had proposed the Sacrament, but with the design of adding this privilege to the private services of her chamber, while she was prevented by illness from attending the public ordinances. Soon, however, she recovered and whispered to her mother, that the administration of the supper of the Lord would be peculiarly acceptable to her: and lamented that she had postponed the reception of it so long.

When I attended on the day appointed to administer the sacred ordinance, she was so much reduced in strength that I was obliged to request her not to exert herself in speaking. Nevertheless, in broken sentences she thus addressed me, "I am not a stranger to the need and blessing of affliction. I know it is all wisely appointed and intended for good, and I endeavour to receive it all with submission to the will of God. I have been ashamed of my want of firmness. It was the weakness of my frame that occasioned my being so affected at your late visit: it was not that I fear death—but I grieve to leave my friends. Though a sinful and unworthy creature, my hope is in my Saviour who I trust will receive me." As her strength was too enfeebled to talk much, I told her I would make a few remarks while I read to her a passage

her readiness to suffer it, and to yield up her spirit into his hands whenever he should require it. The following passage from the same volume before quoted, marked with her pencil, expresses these feelings of resignation:—"Fortitude does not consist in being insensible to the afflictions

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of scripture suitable to her present circumstances, and I would endeavour to accompany the reading of it with a few remarks suitable to her case. I then read to her the 4th and part of the 5th chap. of the 2nd Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians; and while I pointed out how the soul was ripening for Heaven while the body was wasting, I expatiated on the manner in which our light afflictions by the wisdom of God and the sanctifying operation of his Spirit were working for us a far more exceeding weight of glory—that they were but momentary—yet they conduced to make us humble and spiritual, and to cause us to love our God and Saviour, and to fit us to dwell with him in everlasting felicity. I then exhorted her to lift up her mind above all these temporal trials, and to look forward to the things eternal,—that the body was an earthly house—a tenement of clay—which in the strongest would soon be dissolved—in which we were subject to trials, and temptations, and mortality—that when we drop this we should have done for ever with sin and sorrow—be in the presence of the Redeemer, and live with him "in a house, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." In all this she seemed to take a deep interest and to acquiesce. I then prayed with her; and proceeded to administer the Holy Sacrament; and I could not but admire the humility, penitence, faith, and love, with which, amid many tears, she eat the bread and drank the wine in remembrance of her Lord who suffered for her.

Though the service had evidently exhausted her, she said after a pause, that she felt much revived in hope, strengthened in faith, and that she would now cheerfully resign herself into the hands of her God, trusting in the merits of her Saviour. Though her illness prevented my seeing her again, notwithstanding my repeated calls, yet I understood she had the prayers for the sick in the Prayer Book, and others which I sent, daily read to her; and that she derived much comfort from these prayers, and read my collection of prayers on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity for sick persons, with much attention.

which come upon us in this world: but he, who when his heart is pierced with sorrow can still love his God with unabated fervour, and submit with entire resignation to his will, who can struggle with his affliction, and resolutely persist in a constant endeavour to perfom all the duties of his station: This man acts with real fortitude; and when from the brink of the grave he looks back upon the various scenes of his past life, those seasons of affliction will then be what he will recollect with satisfaction, when the little pleasures of this world are vanished and forgotten."

VI. LET US LEARN THAT IF THE FLOWER SO QUICKLY FADETH, WE MUST NOT EXPECT DURABLE FELICITY HERE, BUT LOOK TO A BETTER WORLD FOR LASTING HAPPINESS. Trust not in beauty, wealth, power, friends, and admiration. They may all, like the flower, wither in an hour. "Let not the rich man trust in his riches; let not the mighty man glory in his strength." The day is bright, but how soon may it be overcast. The prospect is fair, but it may be quickly hid from view, in all the gloom of calamity's storm, or in the midnight of death. But you still indulge in golden dreams! Oh! will not the death of one so young, and with

prospects so fair, and friends so affectionate, awaken you to the suspicion that you may also be soon called away! What will you do when you lie on a sick and dying bed, if you have not made the Lord your trust. What will the world profit you when you are about to quit it! What will pleasure avail when your strength faileth! Oh! listen, listen, listen to the voice from the tomb! "The flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Seek a treasure in the Heavens—a crown that will never fade—an inheritance that will never be moved. Here again, I must read you another quotation from the same book, as if marked for this occasion by her pencil. "Let us consider what a departed friend would say if he could speak to us now. How good, how pious, would he wish us to be! How trifling, would he think the pursuits which are apt to engage our attention! How powerfully would he preach to us the vanity of all terrestrial enjoyments; and with what ardour would he excite us to exert every faculty of our souls, in endeavouring to fit ourselves for those joys on which time and death can have no power. If he could feel a pain amidst the happiness in which he is placed, would it not grieve him to see us indulging our

affliction for his loss, or any other passion so far as to make us, in any degree, negligent of our duty, and forgetful of that God who has bestowed such joys on him, and has reserved the same in store for us, if we do not forfeit our title by our own fault."

Let us fancy our departed Friend thus addresses us, and it will be a voice of admonition to us all, and of consolation to her surviving Relations. My Brethren, a title, a sure title may be gained to mansions in the skies. Give diligence to secure it through faith in the great Redeemer, and obeying his word. We must die, and leave all we hold dear. Judgment must follow, when we must stand before God and give in our account. An Eternity must follow of happiness or of misery.

Great God, on what a slender tie,
Hang everlasting things,
The eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

Are you afflicted and disappointed, and your prospects cut off? Be not greatly moved, for all will quickly pass away. Life, with all its sorrows and joys, will come to an end. The world itself will vanish:—the Heavens and the earth flee away, and no place be found for them,

and Eternity receive us all. A few years hence and we shall be, if we love and fear God, where sickness, sorrow, and bereavements, shall be known no more. If the Lord bless us with health and prosperity, let us trace these mercies to the Giver, and praise and glorify our God.

Here again, the pencil of our young Friend departed, has pointed me to another very appropriate passage which I now read to you: "Let every blessing we are deprived of in this life serve to raise our affections to a better, where all our joys will be permanent and secure, where not only heavenly joys are laid up in store for us, but even our dearest earthly treatures will be restored us, where we may hope that we shall enjoy them without any of those fears and sorrows, those weaknesses and imperfections, which in this life throw a damp over even our highest pleasures."

The mind of Miss Elizabeth Brown was of superior order and correct taste. She could not endure trash; if any such writings came in her way, she would say, "It is a pity but that writer had found something better to employ his time." She loved to think, reflect, and meditate. And she would therefore, read no other works but those of solid sense, sterling

worth and piety, which might form the basis of thought and reflection. In an age of frivolity, thoughtlessness, and vanity, when so many of the fair sex are hastening to scenes of dissipation, or wasting their days in reading worthless books, that vitiate the taste, weaken the judgment, pervert the imagination, unfit the mind for the sober duties of domestic life, and above all, weaken religious principle, if not undermine the christian system; it is a high gratification to find that this young lady found her chief happiness in domestic scenes, in meditation, retirement, and in books of sterling sense, devotion, and piety. Her example, in this respect, should be inculcated upon the young, and may you, my young beloved friends, acquire her taste, and follow a similar path of thought and reflection. Be moderate in your lawful enjoyments—be cautious what you read, that they be works of good sense and sterling piety —and give some of your hours every day to devotion, and all your days to Heaven—that if you are cut down like the flower, you may bloom in the paradise of God.

I shall now mention one circumstance respecting our late amiable Friend, which I am

sure will surprise you. Though she had discovered such a preference for domestic privacy and hours of reflection, and had fled the scenes of gaiety—though her mind chose books of sterling sense, information, and piety*—though she daily employed herself in reading prayers for the sick, and other books of devotion† which I put in her hands, and was constantly reading and meditating on divine subjects—yet, she said, she had no *certainty*, no *assurance* of going to Heaven—but she had an humble hope that she should be forgiven through the mercy of her Redeemer, and accepted of God's mercy. Now, my Dear Brethren, if this our amiable young Sister, with all her virtues, dispositions, and her diligent endeavours, her reading, and her prayers before sickness, and during her long protracted illness, could obtain only a *hope*, of going to Heaven: but had no *certainty*, no *assurance*, what will become of those who spend their years in frivolity, dissipation, thoughtlessness, and sin, and never think, nor pray, nor labour at all, to work out their salvation? "If the righteous scarcely be saved,

* Klopstock's Messiah, which I recommended, was a favourite author, and Milton, &c.

† "The Guide to the Family Altar," or Prayers by the Author.

where shall the sinner and ungodly appear!" I have often remarked, that God has frequently left his best servants in some degree of doubt and uncertainty for a time in their last hours, as if he meant by this circumstance to strike the careless and self-confident, that they might see, that if the most holy men are troubled with doubts, they have need to fear and tremble. Satan is permitted to becloud the prospects of God's people for a time, and we know he will not lose the opportunity of doing it. One of the most pious ministers that ever graced the Church of England,* well known to me, found this gloom on the bed of death. But ere long the shadows of this gloomy night cleared away, "the sun of righteousness" arose upon his soul, and a glimpse of heavenly glory beamed upon his departing spirit; and he left the world in holy extacy and sublime resignation. Our young Friend declared, however, that she was not afraid of death: her regret was to leave her friends. She said, she could wish it possible that an angel could come down and bear them all away together. Though she knew such a wish could not be realised, yet it indicated the love that

* Rev. Thomas Scott. See his Life by his Son.

glowed in her bosom towards her friends, and her wish that they might arrive at the same blessed world to which she was going. And thither, on the blooming shores of the heavenly Canaan, I doubt not but Elizabeth has safely landed, wafted thither by the guardian angels who are "sent to be ministering spirits to those who shall be heirs of salvation." And there, my young Friends, may you arrive. In order to which, give your youth to God—you owe him all you have and are: and what can you offer to the Lord for all his mercies of providence and redemption?

"A flower that's offered in the bud,
Is the best sacrifice!"

Give him the flower of youth, and health, and strength. Do you think the sacrifice too precious, too valuable? Consider the glory that awaits you. Look into Eternity. Brief as life is, if improved it will secure endless ages of bliss. If you make the word of God your guide, when the flower shall fade, the promise of God will be your never-failing support, for the word of the Lord endureth for ever! You shall bloom and blossom again in immortal youth in the paradise of God, beside the ever-living fountains of water and the tree of life.

Think of this as ye are journeying through this world and observing your fellow travellers, some in garbs of pride, and others in tatters of wretchedness. They are all journeying to Heaven or to Hell. God is no respecter of persons. His glorious kingdom is open to the poorest as well as to the richest. Let your chief endeavour be to guard against the world's fascinations—its intoxicating charms—its temptations to pride, arrogance, and forgetfulness of God. Look to the end, and consider whither your immortal spirit will go when it has finished its earthly career. Oh! as soon as we have passed the barriers of the invisible world, we shall go to appear before our Maker, to receive the irreversible sentence "according to the things done in the body, whether they have been good, or whether they have been evil." Then will a revolution take place with respect to every one, greater than was ever witnessed during the six thousand years of time: the consequences of which will extend through eternity. We shall sink lower and lower into the depths of torment, or rise higher and higher in the climes of bliss. How astonishing it is, that while we are planning and labouring for future advantage, we are so careless respecting this future world

of reality! We are divided from it only by the narrow river of death—thousands are crossing it every day—our turn will come soon. Our Saviour came from Heaven on purpose to conduct us safely over this Jordan, and land us on the shores of the Heavenly Canaan: may we take him for our guide, and walk in his steps. And, as we must soon emigrate to that distant country, and know not how soon the order may arrive, may we be always ready: For this purpose let us seek forgiveness of God daily through Jesus Christ, and fresh supplies of grace from his Holy Spirit: then we may anticipate beyond the gloomy grave, the second coming of our Lord in glory, to rescue us from the bonds of death, and take us to reign with him in his kingdom.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid.
Here the vassal and the King,
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age, on age, shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng,

ready to resign what I most love and value, when thou shalt see fit to require it of me; and by a constant endeavour to conform my will to thine in all the changes of this world, may I at length, through thine infinite mercy, arrive at thy heavenly kingdom."

Grant us, O merciful Father, the help of thy Holy Spirit, that the young may remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and that we may all learn to live as thy true disciples, to suffer with patience, to enjoy our blessings with gratitude, and to seek the joys and glories of thine eternal kingdom, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, be ascribed all honor, praise, and glory.

Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God,
Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a glorious thousand years;
Now in hope of Him we trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

CROLY.

Let us close the discoure with a prayer, which the pencil of our departed Sister Elizabeth has marked, as that which gave her consolation under her trials, and as that which she wished her young Friends to use in remembrance of her.

"O my Creator and Redeemer! whose goodness to me shines forth as strongly in the afflictions thou art pleased to send me, as in the blessings wherewith thou hast surrounded me; may I enjoy thy blessings with a cheerful heart, yet be ever ready to resign them when it shall be thy good pleasure to deprive me of them! And if thou art pleased to prove me with afflictions, may I always receive them with patience and humility, remembering they are sent by an indulgent Father, who permits them for my good, and who will assist and support me under them.

May I never indulge the least repining or discontented thought; but fixing my attention on those divine joys which thou hast prepared for those that truly love thee, may I ever be

ready to resign what I most love and value, when thou shalt see fit to require it of me; and by a constant endeavour to conform my will to thine in all the changes of this world, may I at length, through thine infinite mercy, arrive at thy heavenly kingdom."

Grant us, O merciful Father, the help of thy Holy Spirit, that the young may remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and that we may all learn to live as thy true disciples, to suffer with patience, to enjoy our blessings with gratitude, and to seek the joys and glories of thine eternal kingdom, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, be ascribed all honor, praise, and glory.

winding shores, and paced the groves and lawns: while the junior members of my Family, who formed a social group, played and gambolled around them, or bathed in the sea. They read the scriptures and sacred books together: ascended in spirit above the glorious ether, which stretched its cerulean canopy over them, and winged their way in imagination beyond the expansive ocean which bounded the horizon to the everlasting hills of light and love, where saints and angels dwell, where Jesus reigns to bless us, and where a mansion was there preparing for her young spirit, which was then ripening to inherit it. Reader, excuse a Father's love! a Father's tears! When I look back upon my Mary, and contemplate her lovely form—her lovelier mind—her prudent conduct—her mature sense—her excellent judgment—her refined taste—her dutiful and affectionate heart, which beat with rapture as she administered to her Parents' happiness, or sunk with gloom as she discerned a cloud upon our brows:—when I reflect on her whole behaviour, which was distinguished with a propriety seldom exceeded, and her person which was ever pleasing and neat—her eyes which beamed sense, affection, and duty—her open blooming

PART II.—THE FLOWER FADING.

# MARY.

## A FATHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS DAUGHTER.

*Written in the solemn interval between her decease and funeral.*

MAY 29th, 1822. On this day, died my amiable, accomplished, prudent, pious Daughter Mary—the very image of her mother—her companion and Friend,—so near akin to her in feeling and pursuits, so congenial in mind and disposition! A long and painful illness of eleven months, gradually withered her frame, which was relieved by only a few weeks' gleam of health. The beginning of last July she went with her affectionate Mother to Southend, a watering place on the Essex coast, where they spent the sweetest, happiest, calmest month which they ever enjoyed on earth.

Down the Thames to this I took them in the packet, and there unruffled by the world, undisturbed by cares, Mary's, dear Mary's health improving daily, they arm in arm traced the

winding shores, and paced the groves and lawns: while the junior members of my Family, who formed a social group, played and gambolled around them, or bathed in the sea. They read the scriptures and sacred books together: ascended in spirit above the glorious ether, which stretched its cerulean canopy over them, and winged their way in imagination beyond the expansive ocean which bounded the horizon to the everlasting hills of light and love, where saints and angels dwell, where Jesus reigns to bless us, and where a mansion was there preparing for her young spirit, which was then ripening to inherit it. Reader, excuse a Father's love! a Father's tears! When I look back upon my Mary, and contemplate her lovely form—her lovelier mind—her prudent conduct—her mature sense—her excellent judgment—her refined taste—her dutiful and affectionate heart, which beat with rapture as she administered to her Parents' happiness, or sunk with gloom as she discerned a cloud upon our brows:—when I reflect on her whole behaviour, which was distinguished with a propriety seldom exceeded, and her person which was ever pleasing and neat—her eyes which beamed sense, affection, and duty—her open blooming

countenance, "where the rose and the lily entwined with her smile"—her auburn locks always neatly curled and bound in a Grecian knot—when I remember the music of her voice which ever breathed refined and pious sentiments—when my heart ponders on the affection which enhanced the loveliness of her virtues, and sweetened the discharge of her relative duties, I say to myself, "Sure never an angel in mortal shape so pure, so lovely, so sensible, ever lighted on our globe before!"

The Fair one had a heart to feel,
An eye whose glisten could reveal,
That pensive heart's emotion;
Gentle with half unquiet swell
Her bosom heav'd, then silent fell,
As sinks the slumbering ocean.
Her features lovely while they seemed,
As ever love's expression beam'd,
Yet look'd and spoke the lofty mind,
Whose high ton'd feelings pure as kind,
Were pictured in her face.

The soul of her Mother seemed wrapped up in her Mary, she seemed to breathe more freely in her presence, she was her companion, counsellor, and friend—the partner of her joys and sorrows—she had doated upon her for nearly eighteen years, and she saw her mind accom-

plished with every grace, adorned with knowledge, strengthened with virtue, consecrated with religion, and she began to find her company the sweetest and the best. At this period, to see her gradually pine away and fade like a flower, and sink and turn to dust, might well excite the exclamation, "I shall walk softly all my days, in the bitterness of my soul! I shall go down lamenting my Mary, my own dear Mary, with sorrow to the grave!"

Let me relieve my sorrows by reviewing the sweetest scenes through which the rill of her life held its gentle course. She had grown up a young sweet plant nursed by her mother, cradled in frequent illness by her fond arms, and had travelled with her for health to distant friends. After this, in a sequestered valley on the banks of a fine flowing stream, she spent several of her younger years in the simplicity of rural life, and domestic enjoyment. The Parsonage in which I brought her up I built myself, in the midst of two acres of ground formed into orchards and gardens. From every window nothing but objects of rural beauty greeted the sight. The distant hill and cliff crowned with woods, the expansive meadows, the umbrageous trees, the green

hedges, the gay parterre, the rustic arbour, the foaming waterfall, the flowing stream, the sonorous mill, the public road, with its rolling carriages, the canal with its gliding boats, or the winding lawn, and verdant walks annexed to the parsonage, saluted the enraptured sight. Mary and Jane were my earliest companions in the morning. With them I entered my study, and from the opening window saluted the "jocund day," which "stood tiptoe on the misty mountain's top." Here they regularly read to me, Robinson's Scripture Characters, Hervey's Meditations, Theron and Aspasio, Milton, Cowper, and the best of books, the Old and New Testament. These and other excellent works were in their turn our first instructors, then with a short prayer I commended them to Heaven for the day, and forth we walked. "Sweet was the breath of morn, and sweet the exhalations of the freshened flowers, grateful were the soft salutes of the cooling zepyhrs attended with the charm of earliest birds; delightful the sun, painting with its orient beams the chambers of the firmament, and unveiling the face of universal nature."* Our minds

* Hervey's Theron, p. 175.

were elevated to contemplate that adorable Being, who openeth the eyelids of the morning, and commandeth the "dayspring to know its place."* Sometimes we scaled a cliff two miles distant, at others we walked through the sweet meadows and corn-fields near, or paced along the margin of the noiseless canal Returning from our morning excursion, we sat down to our first welcome repast of new milk or coffee. With me, they then pursued their writing and arithmetic—English, Latin, and French exercises—history and geography—these they occasionally relieved with the pencil and the piano.

Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued;
To study culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil,
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands,
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create;
To mark the matchless workings of the power
That shuts within its seed the future flower,
Bid these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell,
Send nature forth the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes,

* Job xxxviii, 12.

To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wings of time.

COWPER'S RETIREMENT.

They were my constant companions also in my sabbath visits to the Sanctuary, and listened to my Evening addresses to the Sunday School Children. With these they seemed particularly struck, they understood these plain addresses, they said, better than the sermons. The chapters which the children repeated, and my comments upon them, deeply interested their young minds. "I never understood till now," said Mary, one evening as we came home, "the greatness and the majesty of the Creator; and how condescending he has been to become a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, to bear our sins. I hope I shall love our Dear Saviour, and never offend him, that I may live with him for ever. How thankful I am for the instruction which I have received by your Sunday addresses to the children and teachers in the Sunday School."

The weekly meeting of a few parishioners in my own Parsonage, part of the year, and at the public Lecture at the Church the other part of

it, were further sources of improvement and pleasure. The Hymns and Psalms which were sung, the conversation of the people, my remarks on the subject of the evening, all, in their turn, conspired to deepen that sense of religion which was impressed upon their minds, and to render religion amiable and delightful.

While I sat writing in my study, or in the harbour, they would be reading in their different rural seats, walking in the shade, and sometimes step in at the window, which was level with the ground, to make some literary enquiry—or to repeat a lesson.

Sometimes their Mother accompanied them in the packet to a watering place ten miles distant, for a days excursion; and sometimes to the sea-side twenty miles off for a fortnight, where, together with the younger family, they would enjoy the healthy amusement of sea-bathing. Thus calmly and sweetly flowed away the first twelve years of Jane and Mary's life: They were till this time united in all their pursuits, and never separated from each other. They were nearly of the same age. They took a lively pleasure in all that concerned me, they cultivated the flowers which adorned my garden, sat with me in my summer-house, or

played around it. With them I joined in their little amusements, and intermingled instruction with innocent joys. Before my parsonage was finished, they removed with me to a large house on the margin of a sweeping river. For nearly a week after our removal, we were surrounded with a high swelling flood, which literally insulated us from the neighbouring market-town, and with which all the communication we had was by boats. I shall never forget the pleasing calm I enjoyed for a few days in the bosom of my sweet family, in whose society I seemed to possess all I wished on earth, and with whom I seemed delightfully separated from a frowning world by the rolling billows;—I felt how happy I could be after divided from all human kind besides. Dear Mary enjoyed it: she said it was like Noah in the ark with his Family: and regularly in our wave-encircled dwelling, the morning and evening notes of prayer and praise ascended to Him, whom the winds and seas obeyed.

I cannot think of those sweet scenes of the purest delight enjoyed in the society of my beloved Daughter Mary, without the most sadly pleasing recollections: and fond memory often pictures to me that green and peaceful

valley—the silver streams—the waving trees—the lawns and gardens—the mills and boats—the church and the cottages—all endeared by tender rccollections.

There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of chrystal, and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
As we felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet picturesque valley, how calm could I rest,
On thy bosom of shades with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel are all hush'd in this scene,
And our hearts, like those waters, be mingled serene.

Many an eye in that valley will be suffused with the tears of sincerest affection and regret, when it shall be heard that the early blight has cut down the sweetest flower which ever bloomed and flourished there. Many a tear did my Mary shed over one of her companions, her admired Charlotte, who has for weeks together joined our domestic pleasures, and united her

sweet voice to Mary's in singing the celestial hymns which once so enraptured my Mary's heart, and formed part of our evening and morning devotion. Many a tear she shed over Maria's early dissolution, whose presence and conversation has so often gladdened her soul, but they are now eternally united in sweet society in the realms of bliss, and they now wipe away the tears for ever from their eyes. The Sisters of these departed Friends will renew their grief for those they lost, when they are reminded of them by the distressing intelligence of Mary's dissolution.

Such scenes were too happy to continue long: a variety of causes, one of which was to make provision for my family, removed us from this state of rural seclusion and peace.

They were now drawn from their quiet retreat in the country, and removed to the confined and noisy metropolis. Here, however, our winter evenings past delightfully away, occasionally varied with pleasant society. They undertook the tuition of their younger sisters; and amiable tutors they proved. Mary had a peculiar talent of instilling good counsel into the minds of her charge, of correcting by affectionate reasoning and religious considerations

their angry passions, and impressing their little minds with a sense of duty to God and to their Parents, with the importance of pleasing him, and with the desire of immortal glory with him in the kingdom of Heaven.

The Sisters were now seperated—Jane was sent for three years to finish her Education at a Seminary not far from the metropolis, while Mary was detained at home to be the help and comforter of her Mamma. When Jane's term of education was drawing near a close, Mary was sent to a school nearer home: but every fortnight we stipulated to receive a visit from the dear child. Before she went we took several delightful excursions to Richmond, Blackheath, Highbury, Hampstead, &c. I shall never forget the pleasure she felt in a walk with me to the Regent's Park, and Primrose Hill, and the delightful afternoon she enjoyed in reading the first time, Scott's Lady of the Lake, at Chalk-Farm, over her new laid egg, cream, coffee, and new churned butter. The hayfields fragrant around us—the trees in living green, that waved their shady branches over us—the birds carrolling in the groves—the Poem so exquisite in sentiment to please her refined mind, and so beautiful in language to

charm her young taste, all conspired to render this, as she always remarked, one of the halcyon days of her existence. She seemed to enter into the feelings penciled in the following quotation which she copied:—

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the air has wak'd the string,
'Tis now a seraph bold with torch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of fancy's frolic wing,
Receding now the dying numbers ring,
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the fountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell,
And now! 'tis silent all! Enchantress! fare thee well.

But of all the excursions that we made, that to Claremont, after the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte, was the most interesting and instructive. Jane and Mary felt the calamity as if it was the death of a sister, and with eager desire longed to visit the scene of her terrestrial happiness. The incidents which we met with—the objects we saw—the scenery of the Park—the gardens—the traces of the Princess's taste and habits in the drawing room, library, gardens, grottos, and in the whole of that lovely demesne, so deeply interested my two Daughters, that they supplied us at every step with the most heartfelt sentiments of

solemn instruction, and soothing meditation; and when we returned home we put our thoughts together, and drew up a circumstantial narrative of the whole, and dear Mary with her own hand recopied out the whole manuscript. An abridgment of this will form the third part of "The Flower fading."

My dear Mary often talked of accompanying me again to these favourite scenes where she found such quiet repose, and indulged in her pleasing meditations, which soothed her mind amid the blooming beauties of creation. She loved with me and her sister to wander among the silent fields of nature, to hear the woodland melody, to contemplate the soft flowing stream, and from all these lovely objects to trace their beneficent Author. The prayer of her delicate, humble, and refined mind, seemed always to be,

> ———Thou good supreme,
> O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself,
> Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
> From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
> With faith, with conscious peace, and virtue pure,
> Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss."
>
> THOMPSON'S WISDOM.

In one of these excursions in which she accompanied me to perform divine service for a Friend, the congregation was large, and by

beloved Mary fainted away in the Church. From that period, her frame became exceedingly delicate and shattered: she was all sensibility—her nerves agitated by the smallest causes.

She now was sent down to her Grandmamma's, thirty miles into the country. There, after a long struggle, the dear child regained her lost health and strength, and what was of high consequence also, there favoured with the affectionate instructions of an excellent pious minister, the Curate of the Parish, she grew in knowledge, and in grace, and in admiration, of the things of God. In about three months I paid her a visit, the sound of her Papa's name brought the affectionate child down stairs immediately, and she bounded agile as the roe, and as fresh as the rose, into my arms. Sweet child! she smiled with roseate health: a secret aspiration of gratitude burst from my heart, as I saw that once decayed frame regaining its pristine vigour. In a short time she returned home recruited in health to her delighted Mother, and I had prepared a source of amusement and health, at no great distance from the School, where she might enjoy her holidays, and meet her affectionate Parents.

It was a beautiful garden I had taken, commanding a view of several miles over the metropolis, with summer house decorated with various flowering shrubs, and a living viranda of liburnam, ivy, hop-plants, lilacs, rose trees, &c. &c. Dear Mary, when she came home and saw my preparation to improve her health, was much pleased. She went to the Boarding School with a light heart, and though very nervous and unwell at the time—such is the benefit of proper diet, regular exercise, and alternate labour, and amusement, that she gained strength and spirits. And the half-holidays, on which I fetched her to the garden, she enjoyed with a peculiar pleasure, with her Mother, Sisters, and Brothers; and occasionally the clear water of the well was drawn—the kettle filled and boiled in the garden, upon a fire of kindled leaves and decayed wood, to make us a grateful cup of tea.

The Saturday evening generally witnessed us returning home, laden with flowers to diffuse a fragrance through our habitation, and with esculents to regale our repasts.

My Mary had now made a pleasing advance in her French, Drawing, Music, English Grammar, Geography, &c.: One of her most pleasing

tasks was to write the sermon on the Sunday: and, as she much admired the Preacher, she found it very beneficial to her mind, to make concise remarks of discourses which so much interested her heart. These are written in her own neat elegant hand, and they form a pleasing little volume, and I shall ever keep them as a lovely memorial of her piety and worth. I shall add a few specimens which, if I have interested the reader with some feelings kindred to my own, he will read at the end of the narrative. Dear, amiable, pious, Girl! thou art now gone to experience the blessedness of that religion which thou soughtest in thy early years, which thou cherishedst as the great solace of thy retired hours, which thou anticipatedst in the sacred services of the sanctuary, and improvedst as the subject of sweet reflection in thy closet. How apt, in thy lovely character—thy quiet and unobtrusive walk—thy fondness for retired life and rural enjoyments—thy unalloyed affection for thy dear Parents and thy Family, didst thou exemplify the following portrait:—

"Sweet stream! that glides thro' yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid,
Silent and chaste she steals along
Far from the world's gay busy throng,

With gentle, yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destin'd course,
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure bosom'd as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face!"

Thou art now gone to the bowers of an ever blooming paradise, to scenes of rapturous contemplations by fountains of living water, where the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, has led thee, and where God has wiped the tear for ever from thine eyes. Thou hast now joined that vast congregation of saints and angels which "compass the throne of God rejoicing, and strike the golden harp of immortal triumph to Him that loved thee, and washed thee in his own blood.

The Midsummer Vacation came, and Jane, and Mary, and I, hired a boat, and made a pleasant little voyage to Greenwich The Park and hills delighted us. "I shall never forget," says her sister Jane, "that sweet excursion. Dear Mary, dressed in her black silk spencer and white frock, in the vigour of health, and blushing with crimson health, climbed the hills around the observatory, and wearied you out in endeavours to keep up with her. Then down the hills she would run, and spring over

the flowering shrubs, till you had nearly lost sight of her." Upon the top of the hill we sat down enjoying the varied and extensive prospect, which we contemplated with curious observation through the telescope. Anon, we dived into the thickest woods, and sat us down under the cool umbrage of the venerable trees whose spreading branches formed an ample and extensive screen all around us from the noontide beams, and there taking out of Mary's little basket the ham and rolls, the lettuces and cheese, we spread the rural repast on the velvet sod, and drank my home-made raisin wine out of our little phial, and made a far more delightful repast, (to use Mary's words,) in this green-room of nature, than we ever enjoyed in an apartment formed by the hand of man. A poor old decrepid Seaman, belonging to the Hospital, passed us as we had finished our rural meal, and we presented him with the remains, and thus gladdened the heart of the old British Tar, who went away imploring blessings on our heads.

Thus refreshed, we walked up the shady glades and entered upon the Heath. Here a new scene of amusement presented itself. Donkies stood ready saddled and bridled inviting to a

ride. What so delightful? One [illegible] ately put in requisition. Mary mounted, [illegible] Jane became her footman and walked by her side. I took my station in the large [illegible] the heath, and from the window, contemplated at my ease the two affectionate sisters pursuing their rural exercise. As one was wearied, the other mounted, and thus an hour or two were pleasantly enjoyed. Mary pressed the Donkey further into her service, for finding we had to return a mile and a half to our boat; she spurred her Donkey down the hill and kept us in pursuit till she rode safe off to the place of embarkation. We rallied her upon her wit and management, and she enjoyed the joke, and told the owner he was now very welcome to his Donkey, and she very much obliged to his Donkey for its services.

Never lived a more cheerful, lovely child than my Mary—her sober wit was always ready at hand for use, and put forth on most occasions amongst her intimates without hesitation: but it was wit which never had a sting in it—it was wit which pleased, it was the sparkling of benevolence, the expression of kindness and satisfaction—the flow of lively spirits, and the interchange of feeling, and of soul. From her

cradle to her grave, she was the admiration and delight of every beholder. "What says Mary?" said all her Brothers and Sisters—"Mary, I would not offend you!"—"Mary, I will do every thing you advise me!" And her Sister Jane, though a year and a half older than herself, always paid her such affectionate attention as to place her on an equal footing with herself, and consult, and advise with her, as equal in judgment, sense, and accomplishments. Her Mamma had entertained so high an opinion of the correctness of her judgment, and the excellence of her sense, that she asked her advice as if her equal in age. Indeed, she had been so constantly the companion of her Mother, that she always talked with the sobriety, wisdom, and piety, of a person twice her age: and, as many of her Friends have remarked, they never knew a person so young with so large a portion of intellect, steadiness, and piety. A clerical Friend, a Gentleman of great discernment, who has presided over a congregation in Scotland, and held a living in the Indies, wrote to me on the sad occasion of her decease in terms which shewed his high esteem. Another Friend, a Clergyman, whose ministry had been blessed to her, and who had

visited her in her sickness, addressed me in an affectionate Letter, both of which I shall add at the close.

I now approach the period of her long and trying illness. She came home from school last Midsummer with an abscess under her arm. As soon as I saw her approaching in a stooping posture, the spectacle struck to my heart, as though I had discovered the pointed arrow of death aimed at that lovely form. This distressing tumour was attended with great pain, and occasioned a long confinement. All her vacation the dear sufferer was a tenant of an excrutiating couch. It pleased God, however, that she recovered from it: and sea-bathing was recommended. I therefore, took her down to Southend, as before alluded to. The dear creature much enjoyed the voyage with her Sister and two Brothers, and the calm retreats on the sea-shore much delighted her. I took lodgings upon the beach, where the tide almost laved the foundations of the house, and she enjoyed herself in walking up the hill to the grove, and in contemplating the sea through its shady bowers.

The lofty shore in one part commanding an extensive prospect over the sea to Sheerness,

and down to the Nore—the pleasant umbrageous walks in the meadows and green fields—the stillness of the scene—the ships passing in the distance—all filled her dear young mind with rapture: she seemed desirous of nothing so much as to have her dear Mamma with her, then "she should be completely happy."

My report of the situation, the comfort there enjoyed, the sweet calm retreat which the place presented, and above all, the prospect of being of service to her beloved Mary, determined my dear Wife to go down.

With a heart overflowing with maternal affection, she set off by the most expeditious conveyance—the coach; and she wrote to me a beautiful account of the rural pleasures, and the unequalled peace and comfort which she there enjoyed in company with her dear Daughter.

The following lines are very descriptive of this kind of social solitude, written by Mary's favourite Poet, Cowper.

"I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.
Yet neither these delights, nor ought beside,
That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,

Can save us always from a tedious day,
Or shine the dulness of still life away;
Divine communion, carefully enjoyed,
Or sought with energy, must fill the void.
O sacred art, to which alone life owes
Its happiest seasons, and a peaceful close,
'Tis love like this, that can alone defeat
The foes of man, or make a desert sweet.

To this sea-retreat, I now prepared to send my three other children by the Master of the Packet, and in the evening, their Mamma and Mary were gladdened with the sight of them coming in the van which brought them from the packet to the shore.

There, in this peaceful retirement, they continued a month, enjoying some of the calmest satisfactory pleasures which they had ever possessed.

At length my dear Wife informed me the day they proposed to return home. It appeared a month till the period, when these affectionate creatures should return. The day at length came. With what pleasure I hastened to meet my dear Mary, and her Mother, and Sisters on their voyage back from Southend. After waiting two hours, I went down the stream and met the Steam Boat. They joyfully hailed me, but my Mary's voice was not heard.

Upon approaching her, she could only say, "Dear Pa!" She was in a burning fever, and had scarcely strength to speak. I provided a coach as soon as I could, at the late hour of ten o'clock, and conveyed them all safe home. Poor Mary, was thus thrown on a sick bed again. For three months she lay attended night and day. For six weeks her affectionate Mother slept with her, and I made my couch on the sofa in the drawing-room, into which the dear sufferer's room opened: that I might ever be at hand to guard them from danger, and to rise in a moment to supply their wants: and great was the assistance I was thus enabled to render to these near and dear relatives. At length, this assiduous care was rewarded with the cheering prospect of returning health. Mary, contrary to all hope and expectation, recovered. She was invited to walk out. "No," she said my first walk shall be to the House of God, to return "Him thanks who has raised me up: and there will I offer up my praises. Papa! she said, put up thanks for me in the prayers." Accordingly, the next Sabbath she went to church, and I announced that "a young person just raised up from a dangerous illness, desired to return especial thanks to

Almighty God, for his late great mercies unto her." Her heart overflowed with gratitude. I took her the next week to see a Friend, who accompanied us to Leicester Square, to view Miss Linwood's exhibition of our Saviour, and Lady Jane Grey, &c., in needlework. She returned much delighted, but exceedingly fatigued.

She now often went out, and one cold afternoon, instead of entering a Friend's house with her Sister Jane, she remained with a Friend walking in the street, and during that unfortunate stay, she caught a severe cold: and when she returned, had a shivering fit. She rallied, however, in the course of a fortnight, and was persuaded to venture down into the parlours to witness an experimental Lecture on Electricity, to be exhibited in the school-room adjoining. The parlours being crowded when she entered, she sat at too great distance from the fire, and caught another cold, which was followed by an illness from which she never recovered. Her complaint was very mysterious. She was much reduced in flesh and in strength, though she had a good appetite—but after eating, she was often troubled with violent spasms. Dr. B's opinion was, that a slight inflammation had taken place in the digestive

organs, and that by whatever food the vessels were distended, excruciating pain would follow; his advice was to keep the system sparingly supplied with nutriment. For weeks, she fed on little else but asses milk, biscuits, and grapes. How the dear child longed for more food, but she refrained, as she was informed by her physician that this sparing course of diet would conduce to her recovery in a few weeks; that in similar cases, which he had attended the patients, though much more debilitated, were by this treatment restored. He mentioned one young lady, whom he reduced to the scanty food of grapes alone, and nothing else for a fortnight, and she had two paper bags pinned at the head of her bed, one for grapes, and another for the hulls, and these grape bags were all her pantry, all her cupboard, till she recovered. But the engagements of her Physician were so numerous, that he omitted to come near her for three weeks, when being obliged to call in an eminent Physician in the obstetrick line to my dear Wife, she was anxious that he should give his advice to poor Mary. He did so, and immediately ordered her a larger portion of diet, changed her medicine, and pursued a different course: but from the

first, he stated his opinion as to the bare possibility of her recovery, and gave but little hopes.

Some time before this, I enquired of my Mary with respect to her prospects of entering another world. With that honesty and truth which always characterized Mary, who abhorred hypocrisy and deceit, she told me "she wished to live—she should be unhappy if she thought she should die." In her former illness she had been very anxious respecting divine things, had earnestly sought a fitness for Heaven, and humbly trusted for salvation in the merits of her dear Saviour; and, at length, become perfectly resigned to the will of God, and willing to leave the world. Now she had a desire to dwell a little longer with her dear Papa and Mamma. "I do not believe," she said, "that I shall die now, because if it was God's will to remove me hence, I trust, and I believe, that he would make me as willing to leave the world now, as he made me before. You remember, dear Pa! how anxious I was after a sense of the divine favour—and an assurance of pardon and peace, through our dear Saviour—and how earnest to have the Holy Spirit to sanctify me for Heaven—I

thought I could not recover. I had the sentence of death in me, and I became quite resigned and willing. But now I think the Lord will raise me up, and if not, that before I go, I shall be enabled to give up all, and resign myself up to him."

The highest gratification she seemed to enjoy was to have her Papa to dine with her, and to partake of something with him: and I generally contrived, as often as my pressing engagements allowed, to enjoy this gratification with her. On Sunday, betwixt the services, she always claimed the privilege of having my dinner brought up, and placed on the little table by the sofa, on which she sat up to participate it with me. Dear child! in a thousand ways thy sweet spirit testified thy boundless affection for thy Father, as if thou wouldst charm and compel me into constant endeavours to promote thy best, thy eternal interests. I feel a pang in my heart at this moment, that I did not continue to give thee more of my time, more of religious instruction and consolation, that thou mightest have borne up with still greater patience under thy long and sore afflictions, and might have anticipated with greater joy thy heavenly inheritance. How many things I might have said

that I did not utter—how many occasions of improving and solacing thee might I have availed myself of, which, notwithstanding my engagements, might have been employed for thy benefit. The Lord forgive me this negligence, and these omissions! Vain is the help of man—Physicians prove of no value! They soothed, they flattered, they gave hopes of a speedy recovery: and declared the disorder was nothing dangerous. Thou didst believe them! so did I! so did thy Mamma! and very reluctant I was to spread alarm over thy placid breast, or to occasion a real danger to thy valued life, by suggesting that the case was perilous. That it was hopeless I could not say, for medical skill refused so harsh a sentence. Often, blessed Shade! I gently hinted to thee, that this world was vanity—never to mind Physicians nor the world—to seek for the favour of God, and the hope of acceptance in Jesus the beloved, and to seek for comfort and support from that blessed Spirit who is called the Comforter. "Yes, dear Pa!" you said, "I wish so to do, but to become fit for that blessed world—to have the heart devoted to God, and separated from this earth, and to give up life with all its prospects, and friends with all their solacements,—

this is no easy task! Dear Pa! I wish, if the Lord please, to live,—I hope it is not wrong. I wish to live to serve and glorify God—to go with you again on sweet rural excursions, contemplating the glories of this *beautiful world* below! I wish I was not so attached to the world, and my connections in it; but how can I help it? I hope and believe the Lord will make me willing to quit it, when it is his pleasure to call me." This is, in substance, what she repeated to me, and to her dear Mamma, several times. At one of these conversations, her Mamma said, "Never mind, Mary! this poor world, I shall, perhaps, soon follow you to a better: we shall not long be separated. Perhaps I may go before you!" "Oh, dear, dear Ma, she said, what would be life without you! I should not wish to live, were you to go. I should be willing to die with you; and I hope whenever you die, I may die with you."

Some young friends called to see her, who were healthy, gay, and little sensible of the value of religion. "Oh!" said she, when they were gone, "never let such people come to see me again, while I am ill. They are very well to see occasionally when I am in health, but their

frivolous conversation in which there is no religion, no sense of divine things, only chills me without doing me any good."

There was a pious young lady who often visited her, and to whom she was accustomed to open her mind on religious subjects. "But Miss Jones," said she, "I am glad to see you, when you come to see me I have enjoyment. You talk of the best things, and I get into them, and understand them, and feel an interest. I want to know more about faith, which we were talking about the other day—what is a saving faith?" Miss Jones replied, "by shewing her a beautiful passage in Zimmerman's work on faith."

"My dear Mary," said I, one Sunday, "I will read you part of the discourse I am to preach this afternoon, which I think will very much suit your present feelings." When I had finished, she said, "I love that, dear Pa! Why do not they often read the Scriptures to me, I like to hear them read, but to come and ask me a number of questions, and tease me with conversation, when I have not strength to answer, what profit, and what kindness is this?"

By degrees that blooming countenance began to assume a hectic flush—a lily paleness spread

cradle to her grave, she was the admiration and delight of every beholder. "What says Mary?" said all her Brothers and Sisters—"Mary, I would not offend you!"—"Mary, I will do every thing you advise me!" And her Sister Jane, though a year and a half older than herself, always paid her such affectionate attention as to place her on an equal footing with herself, and consult, and advise with her, as equal in judgment, sense, and accomplishments. Her Mamma had entertained so high an opinion of the correctness of her judgment, and the excellence of her sense, that she asked her advice as if her equal in age. Indeed, she had been so constantly the companion of her Mother, that she always talked with the sobriety, wisdom, and piety, of a person twice her age: and, as many of her Friends have remarked, they never knew a person so young with so large a portion of intellect. steadiness, and piety. A clerical Friend, a Gentleman of great discernment, who has presided over a congregation in Scotland, and held a living in the Indies, wrote to me on the sad occasion of her decease in terms which shewed his high esteem. Another Friend, a Clergyman, whose ministry had been blessed to her, and who had

the dear sufferer, and with the tenderest sympathy and kindness talked with her, and comforted her. "Come, Mary," he used to say, "Let us pray for you, that is the best remedy—let us go to a throne of grace where we shall obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in the time of need," and then kneeling down, he would pour out his heart in strains of simplicity and fervent devotion—begging the Lord to sanctify her affliction—to alleviate her pains—to prepare her for his glory, and to accept her in Jesus the Beloved. "Oh! that good Mr. J." she used to say, "when will he come again. I love his kind conversation and his sweet prayers in my behalf!"

Another clerical Friend came to see her, but instead of expounding the Scriptures, giving her instruction and consolation, he spent all the time in catechising and asking her questions, till he quite tired out her strength and spirits, and after all, left her without offering up one prayer on her behalf, though he expressed his perfect satisfaction with her knowledge and experience. "Oh!" said Mary, "do not let that Mr. ———, come near me again. He did nothing but tease me with his questions—

he gave me no sweet sympathising advice—he offered up no sweet prayers for me, like good Mr. J———. I think, she added, it is a very wrong way of visiting a sick person—a clergyman is not to catechise us to satisfy his curiosity, but to give us advice and consolation in the most direct and kind manner. I want those to see me who will read to me, talk to me, and pray with me, not those who want me to talk to them. Dear Pa! I wish people to talk to me as kind Miss J., and dear Miss D., and pleasant Miss C., and good Mr. J., and you, and Mamma: as if they had a feeling for my sufferings, and wished to do me good." Miss D. and her Brother were, indeed, most kind, constant, and persevering, in their affectionate attentions, and beneficent services. Scarcely a day passed but one or the other came to see her—they watched over all the progress of her disorder with more than fraternal affection and anxiety, and they redoubled their anxious attentions to the welfare and consolation of her dear spirit, when, towards the last, they discerned the fatal messenger approaching. It was an event so terrible, and our affection so blinded our eyes, that we could not discern its approach—we seemed to act as though we thought so appalling

a catastrophe could not occur to our Mary—that we should not be called to endure a bereavement so heart-breaking—that the beloved of the family, in whom our souls were wrapped up, would not be singled out and struck by the insatiate archer. But so it was—the Lord hath taken away our idol—that on which we set our hearts—"he hath removed the desire of our eyes with a stroke!" But the calamity came on so soft, so gentle, so gradual, that the long apprehension of it diminished its force when it arrived. Oh may we be enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"The dearest idol we have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help us to bear it to thy throne,
And worship only thee."

We trust and believe that our dear Mary is now with her God and Saviour. It was to Heaven her heart was directed. She found her sweetest comforts in mental enjoyments and pious exercises. The dear creature found much pleasure in reading "Village Annals, or Letters from Charles Fenton to his Son George." She said it gave her so pleasing a view of the Pleasures of Religion * Her friend Miss D. brought

* Published by Burton, Leadenhall Street.

her Zimmerman on Faith, the perusal of which gave her much pleasure and satisfaction. "But," she said, "The Bible was the best book of all. This was what the Lord himself spoke, and every word it contained had in it a weight and meaning that she felt it, and there was no fear of trusting to all it promised, for it was written by the God of truth."

Her pains were very great, arising from indigestion, and an inflammatory affection of the digestive organs, and the nervous system. It was at times excruciating: Miss J. called and told her of a lady who had been confined seven years with a very painful disorder. It struck Mary very much, and the next time she came, she said, "Oh, my dear Miss J., I have been thinking a great deal about the patient lady, under her seven years suffering, whom you told me of. Here am I, who have been confined only seven months, and I lay grumbling and scolding every body about me. But I hope the Lord will forgive me my impatience. My sufferings, indeed, are very, very great, and I feel much discontent at times, and am not sufficiently thankful to all my kind Friends around me. I am afraid they think me very impatient, and that I shall weary them. But, indeed, I do not

mean to be ungrateful and impatient, indeed I do not. I lament that I am not more resigned and patient to suffer all the will of God, and to take the cup of sorrow which my heavenly Father gives me. I should like to live if it was the will of God: but it is not that I am fond of the vanities of the world, its dress, its pleasures, and pomps. I care for none of them. But I deeply love my dear Mamma and Papa. Oh I could live with my dear Mamma any where, and never wish to quit her, all I wish is to administer to her comfort, to lessen her trials, to enjoy her sweet conversation, and to become more fit for Heaven under her instruction. And I think it would be such a dreadful grief to my dear Mamma to lose me, that I do not know what would be the consequence."

A month before dear Mary's departure, it pleased God to lay her dear Mother on a bed of imminent danger, occasioned partly by her exertions and anxiety in behalf of her beloved Mary. This illness affected poor Mary with the greatest anxiety. She was now obliged to be entrusted to a nurse: but an affectionate servant, who had lived some years with us in the country and in London, and was incessant in her kind attentions to poor Mary, always slept in her

room, and soothed her with every kind attention, and she was assisted by a nurse who devoted herself entirely to her. Her Mamma began to recover, through the kindness of Providence, on the means used. "Dear Mary!" said I, "I hope your Mamma will soon be able to come down and take part of your bed, and you may comfort each other." "Dear Pa!" said she, "I should be very sorry for my dear, dear Mamma to have so uncomfortable a bed, and to be pained with witnessing my sufferings." "Papa!" said she one morning, "buy me a fowl: and come home and dine with me at half-past four. I will take my broth at twelve, and will wait for you." The fowl was purchased, and the dinner prepared, and ready at the appointed hour, the cloth laid, and the table moved round to the sofa on which the dear sufferer sat up to enjoy it with me: when I heard a gentle foot coming down stairs one step after another. "Dear Mary!" said I, "you have a pleasure unexpected. Surely that is your Mamma's step!" "No, Papa, she cannot come down yet, that is too great a pleasure!" But, lo! in stepped dear Mamma, supported by her faithful and affectionate servant, and was

soon by her side, in her own chair. Oh! with what pleasure they gazed upon each other, and looked in each other's eyes mingled their tears together.

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek;
'Tis that which pious parents shed,
Upon a virtuous daughter's head.
And as the *Mother* to her breast,
Her darling *Mary* closely press'd,
Such holy drops her cheeks steep'd,
*For 'twas a Mother's eye that weep'd.*"

Little did the affectionate Mother and Daughter suspect this was the last time they should behold each other in life. "My Mary does not look at all worse," said her Mamma, "than when I last saw her." She ate her dinner with encreased appetite and delight, and her Mamma shared the repast with a double pleasure by the side of her beloved Mary. Not long after her meal, poor Mary was attacked with very painful spasms, but the dear creature attempted, as much as possible, to suppress her feelings, that she might not occasion an unnecessary pang in her dear Mother's bosom. At length they took

leave of each other, and the poor sufferer seemed to feel a relief on the endurance of her spasmodic pains, because they were now unwitnessed by a Mother, who she knew felt every pang.

The fatal Wednesday arrived* which terminated the contest, and opened for her, I trust,

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* Surely there are guardian angels which whisper secret intimations of calamity approaching or benefit intended us. Whether this is evident from the following facts, the Reader may form his own judgment, but I cannot refuse the relation of it: they affected me deeply at the time. 'I had suffered all night in my dreams because of her.' I rose in distress and marked her decayed frame—her painful sufferings. I retired to bed and dreamed of her dissolution, and that, that they were hastening me to pray with her. Methought my eldest Daughter came and said 'Poor Mary is dying, oh! come, come and pray with her.' Surely there is an invisible link between kindred minds! This premonition led me to call all my Family around her in the morning, and she wished it herself, and I read the precious book of God, and commended us all, and especially my dear Mary, to the care of compassionate Heaven. I was then called away to read the morning prayers for a Friend, and afterwards to attend to indispensible engagements: and being wearied with walking and exercise, I entered a Library and took up a periodical work, want of rest and anxiety caused me to dose, when I dreamt that my eldest Daughter came to me again, and said, 'Papa! Papa! hasten, hasten to your poor Mary's bedside, she is drawing near her end, and anxiously calls for you to come and pray by her.' I started up and hastened away. But I had to go first to the Church to take a funeral: when the sexton told me, Mrs. ——— has dispatched a messenger for you, you must hasten home immediately to attend your Daughter, who is, I fear, at her extremity, and I have kindly procured a clerical Friend to take your duty. I hastened home upon the wings of anxiety, 'with all the Father kindled in my heart,' to my beloved daughter. I found the memento at the Library too true. Another kind clerical neighbour met me in the passage, he had been discharging the pastoral office in praying with my Mary, and with my poor afflicted Wife also. The servant would not allow me a moment's delay. 'Hasten,' said she, 'hasten to your Mary, who is calling out for her dear Papa:' 'None,' she says, 'can do her good but her dear Papa, and the Lord!'

the gates of peace and quietness for ever. She would not let me leave her that morning without calling my Family around her bedside to pray with her: she charged me soon to return. About two o'clock she felt extremely ill, and sent for her Doctor, who assured her that the Lord alone could do her good, as she was beyond his power of relieving: the shock was at first tremendous: and her cry was, "Send for dear Papa, none can do me good but him to pray with me, and the Lord!

Upon coming home, I ran up stairs!—there she was supported by her nurse, who was in tears, and agonizing with suffering. "Dear Papa!" she said, and stretched forth her almost powerless hand, "pray for a little ease!" I poured out an anxious prayer in broken supplications and petitions to the God of all grace and mercy, who hears the cry of distress, and to Jesus the Mediator, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and to the Holy Spirit, the Author of all grace and consolation. The dear child greedily drank in my prayers, like the thirsty soil opening its parched bosom to the dews and rains of Heaven. Her eyes directed upwards, and her lips moving, indicated that she accompanied me in all my petitions,

and, as her excessive pains allowed, that her whole soul was absorbed in the contemplation of her solemn condition on the margin of a shoreless eternity. "My dear Mary," said I when I had closed, "do not be discouraged, lift up your heart to your heavenly Father—look to the blessed Redeemer, who stretches out his arms of mercy to save you—his blood cleanses from all sin—his spirit can fit you at once for Heaven. Call upon him in faith, and doubt not that you shall be accepted in him, the Beloved:" She moved her dear head in solemn assent, and lifted up her dear hands and eyes to Heaven. A tremendous pain made her say, "Oh this pain! it will kill me—pray Pa, for a little ease." I again kneeled down and fervently implored the Lord to lessen her anguish, and assuage her pain, and to lift up upon her the light of his gracious countenance, and to shed abroad his love in her heart." Upon rising I said, "My dear Mary, what you have now to do lies in a very small compass. Only repent—believe in Jesus, and pray for the Holy Spirit. This is all you need to make you eternally blessed."

She moved her dear worn-out countenance, and lifted up her glittering eyes to Heaven, in the attitude of one who earnestly listened to

every word I uttered, and whose soul was devoutly exercising that repentance and faith, which I recommended. An hour after, my dear Mary received the Holy Sacrament from my hands, with as fervent, as solemn devotion, as ever I witnessed; her eyes were attracted to no person, no object, but fixed on Heaven alone. The dear child expressed a sweet resignation to the divine will, and intimated her steadfast reliance upon her Redeemer. Her pains at intervals returned. She said, she should soon be gone! She asked to lie down. They gently reclined her on her pillow—instantly she drew in a long deep breath—it was the last—she never breathed again. Her spirit had fled with it. There she lay all still in death—with a placid smile on her interesting countenance, which pain shall no more distort: an emblem of the happiness she now enjoys in the world of bliss. That sweet placid smile may be seen in the sketch which Mr. Cruikshank took of her in her coffin.

Hail! hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the Heavenly bowers of peace,
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er;
The wearied spirit weeps no more;

But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir,
Swell the song for evermore,
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tear,
The daughter lov'd, the wife ador'd,
Then to our widow'd arms restor'd;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife?
Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish, senseless, lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptur'd eyes?

I rejoice in the blessedness of which I have the most assured hope, yet I cannot but weep in remembrance of her.

Forgive, bless'd shade, the tributary tear,
Which stays thy progress to the realms of bliss;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
A weary traveller, in a world like this.

The bereavement will be long and keenly felt: my beloved Mary comes to my memory

with a pang, which the following lines will best explain:—

"Of all the knots which nature ties,
The secret sacred sympathies,
That as with viewless chains of gold
The heart a happy prisoner hold—
None is more chaste, more bright, more pure,
Stronger stern trials to endure—
None is more purged of earthly leaven,
More like the love of highest Heaven,
Than that which binds in bonds how blest
A Daughter to a Father's breast.
He loves to feed her bright'ning eye
With visions of futurity,
To bid her bow before throne
Of the Eternal One.—
But oh! if in some unblessed hour,
The spoiler seeks that single flower,
And spite of all that hallow'd fence,
That guards the breast of innocence;
Spite of the watch which angels keep,
Those airy guards who never sleep;
Spite of the naked sword of wrath,
Suspended o'er their guilty path—
Treads on its head of maiden white—
Quenches its beam in shades of night—
What anguish rends the parent's heart,
From his pale lip what murmers part,
Till taught by better creed to know,
That HEAVEN, which struck, can heal the blow;
O what a sum of bliss destroyed!
O what an aching boundless void!

In that poor heart so rich before,
Scarce Heaven itself could yield it more."
CUNNINGHAM'S DE RANCE. CANTO III.

For months a lonely bed became my lot. I dreamed of her, and waked to think of the days gone by, when that lovely form and the affectionate spirit which animated it, charmed my every meal, and spread such a lovely charm over my dwelling—for scarcely did I see my Mary without her Mother by her side, or her Mother long without her Mary.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
The childhood years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful heart now broken.

The following kind Letters comforted us in our grief.

From the Rev. Robert Adam, A.M., Author of the "Religious world displayed," formerly Vicar of St. Croix, and late Minister at Tobago—for he is now gone to reap the honors which God has promised to bestow on his faithful servants.

My Dear Friend,

[illegible] to learn by your note, that my flame all along respecting your dear Mary was not well founded. When I last saw her, I could not but foresee what would be the event; an event which I do not regret on her account, as I humbly trust that [illegible] Redeemer, but I regret it on account of her family and friends, who appeared to possess so many of the elements of happiness, and it pleased God to prolong her days, she was likely to have been a bright example of christian character and conduct, and, thereby, to have led souls to Christ, and [illegible] to the consolation of all the blessings of true religion. I hope that [illegible] continues better, and, that she submits to the dispensation of Divine Providence with christian patience and resignation. I sincerely sympathize with her, you, and all the family; and I humbly pray that as your troubles abound, so may your strength, and comfort, and consolation; through him who is emphatically styled THE COMFORTER. With kindest remembrance to good Mrs. P., Miss P., and all under your roof.

I remain, dear Friend,

Very faithfully, your's,

R. ADAM.

## From a young Lady.

From the many repeated marks of kindness and regard, my dear Miss P., I have ever experienced from your family, I cannot but deeply participate in the sorrow occasioned by the death of your beloved Sister. But, my dear Miss P., when we consider how much your Sister suffered from sickness, shall we regret that, through the merits of an all atoning Saviour, she is removed from this scene of transitory sorrow, to a world of everlasting life and happiness? Ah, no! She cannot return to us—but we shall go to her. Blessed are the dead which

die in the Lord. May God enable us, my dear Jane, instead of looking down to the tomb, rather to look upward—to raise our eyes to Heaven, and to fix them on the benign, though majestic countenance of *her* Father, and *our* Father—of *her* God, and *our* God. You lament the loss of an affectionate Sister—I a *Friend*. But is she lost? God forbid! She lives; yes she lives for ever, and is saved with a great and eternal salvation. Shall we then grieve as those without hope? Oh no. Let us rather behold her in all the beauty of Heaven, and cloathed in a robe of more dazzling whiteness than snow, washed in the blood of the Lamb. With affectionate regard to your Papa and Mamma; and best wishes for your present and future happiness.

I am, my dear Miss P.,

Your's ever sincerely,

F. C.

## Specimens of *Mary's* account of the Sermons heard.

LUKE xvi, 31.

"And he said unto him, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

This parable which our Saviour gives of Lazarus and the rich man, applies to believers and unbelievers. The rich man though he had the word of God in the books of Moses and the prophets yet did not believe: but he received a full proof at last of the truth of God's word: he met with the punishment due to his ingratitude to God, and unbelief, and his want of feeling and pity for his fellow creatures. Poor Lazarus believed, and attained to the glory, which the promises ensured to him.

We are more highly favoured. We have the great and glorious truths of the gospel to enlighten our minds, and instruct us in the paths of religion and virtue. Christ hath brought life and

immortality to light by his gospel. If we, therefore, do not avail ourselves of these inestimable blessings while we have the opportunity, what will be our remorse and despair at the awful day of judgment!

MATTHEW iv, 1, 2.

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights he was afterward an hungred."

Thus was our blessed Lord and Saviour's faith and confidence in the Supreme Being—his heavenly Father—tried by those most seducing devices of Satan. He was tempted to ambition by the vision of worldly glory—to distrust of the divine care—and to presumption. It is probable, that during this long temptation of forty days, Satan assumed at times the appearance of an angel of light, in order to effect his purposes. Jesus Christ was willing to endure all these temptations for our sakes: he shewed that he was able to bear them, in order that he might more fully convince us of his sufficiency. Himself having been tempted, he is now ready to compassionate our infirmities, and to succour us when tempted. Let us when tempted remember his answer to the Tempter, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God!"

1 CORINTHIANS xv, 58.

"Therefore, my beloved Brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord"

With many the day is far spent and the night is at hand: and it is well for those who have spent it in doing works to the glory of God. At the resurrection, when all shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ—he will say to such, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for

you from the foundation of the world." Surely in the morning of life we should begin this work of the Lord, and persevere in it, looking forward to this final glorious reward: our labour will not be in vain in the Lord, though our sun should go down at noon, and our work be interrupted by an early death.

**In looking over my Mary's manuscripts, the following were the last which her dear hand had transcribed: they surprised and comforted us, as if prophetically written by her for the occasion.**

——— ———"Heaven and yourself,
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all.
Your part in her, you could not keep from death,
But Heaven keeps his, in an eternal life,
The most you sought for, was her promotion;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds as high as Heav'n itself?"

"——— Since life can little else supply,
Than just to look about us, and to die,
Receive my counsel, and securely move,
Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above."

***END OF PART THE SECOND.***

## PART III.—THE FLOWER FADING.

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### RECOLLECTIONS OF MY DEAR DAUGHTER

# ELIZABETH,

WHO DIED JULY 28th, 1827, AGED NEARLY 17.

*Written between her decease and her funeral.*

THE LINES WITH INVERTED COMMAS ACCOMMODATED FROM MOORE'S LOVE OF THE ANGELS.

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Ah! when my heart with sorrow bled,
As on my MARY'S brows were shed,
The dews of death in lingering pain,
She took my hands again, again,
And said, "Take Lizzy in my stead,
Let her be in your bosom bred,
Companion sweet, your heart to cheer,
She just has reach'd her 'leventh year."

The advice I followed, Lizzy dear,
Was gentle as the streamlet clear,
As lovely as the rose, she grew
Fair as the lily, pure as dew;
She hail'd me at the morning hour,
To cull with me the wood-bine bower;
She welcom'd me to my repast,
And mine was sweetest to her taste;

And last, at ev'n her smile of light
Chear'd the dull darksome hour of night.

And is she gone?—that LOVELY ONE,
Whom our whole souls did doat upon!
Our LIZZY lov'd, our daughter dear!
Mild, sparkling as the vernal year;—
Whose frame so firm, elastic, strong,
And spirits chearful as the morn,
Gave the bright hope of promise long,
Her growing virtues would adorn
The morning, noon, and even tide,
Of a bright day of piety,—
Her parents while they here abide,
To bless with her society.

I fancied that in her I saw,
All that the poet's pen could draw,
Of LEA, "that fair maid so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,"
Whom 'twas a seraph's destiny
To love with all a mortal's flame.
So oft the maiden thought of Heaven,
"To which her prayers at noon were sent,
"And on whose light she gazed at even;
"She wished for wings that she might go
"Out of this shadowy world below,
"To that free glorious element."

She thought so much of "*white with wings*,"
A name bestow'd by *one who sings*,
Till her dear spirit long'd to join
The cherubs round Jehovah's shrine.

'Twas her delight at eventide,
To walk and view creation wide,
The setting sun, the rising moon,
And starry vault that brightly shone;
Then "turning to some star whose head
"Look'd out as from a bridal bed,"
At that all silent hour she said:
"Oh! that it were my lot to be
"The spirit of yon beauteous star,
"Dwelling up there in purity,
"Alone, as all such bright things are,
"My sole employ to pray and shine,
"To light my censer at the sun,
"And fling its fire towards the shrine
'Of HIM in Heaven, the eternal ONE:'
Then something in her placid face did shine,
Above mortality, almost divine.

Tell me, dear spirit! where's thy rest
Amid the regions of the blest,
Where thou hast soar'd above this mundane sphere,
If to my plaints thou canst afford an ear:
'To yonder star methinks, I trac'd
'Thy journey up th' illumin'd waste,
'That isle in the blue firmament,
'To which so oft thy faucy went
'In wishes and in dreams before,'
And which is now, 'thro' mercy free,
Messiah's gift,'—ordain'd to be
Thy home of light for evermore.

Oft too, my fancy whispered so,
'In her high flight to that fair sphere,

'Mid all her spirits new-felt glow,
'A pitying look she turn'd below
those who stand in sorrow here.'
Th[illegible] friends, if loving warm regret
Can dwell in Heaven, she pities yet,
'And oft, when looking to this dim
'And distant world,' remembers him
Who raised [illegible] watch'd the flower
Of every virt[illegible]ur,
And wept, a[illegible] tried in vain,
Her angel spirit to retain,
And often strained his aching sight
To mark her life's fast setting light,
And caught the last mild glimmering ray,
As faint and soft it pass'd away,
'Till her sweet spirit merg'd afar
'Into its own immortal star.'

Lizzy was of such graceful mien,
That like young Liris she was seen
By my fond eye, of all that move
'Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a pious parent's love,
'Herself so pure, so exquisite!'
The grace "too of her step so light,
'Along the unconscious earth she went,
'Seem'd that of one' endow'd with right,
'To walk some heavenlier element.'
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the admiring sense is caught,
But the pure mind whose rays could bless
With luminous escapes of thought.

Seldom her eyes by wrath were stirr'd,
And soft became by gentlest word;—
Oh! 'twas the mind 'sparkling about,'
'Thro' thy whole frame, 'the soul brought out'
To light each charm, and give to thee
The impress of divinity.
In thy pure love, I felt was given
The mixt delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in Heav'n,
And all a Father wishes here.

She lov'd with me to trip the plain,
And climb the everlasting hills,
To watch the labours of the swain,
And glance o'er distant fields and rills,
And trace in *Nature's* ample book
The wonders of th' Almighty hand,
And o'er some favourite page to look,
Which thought sublimer might command.
'But not alone the wonders found
'Thro' nature's realm that hang around,
'Like lights thro' her enchanted ground;—
'She lov'd to trace the fountain-head,
'From which all vital spirit runs,
'All breath of life wheree'er 'tis shed
'Thro' men or angels, flowers or suns,'
The workings of the Almighty's mind,
The outlines which his love design'd,
The wisdom which ordain'd the bow
To stretch its arch the heavens through,
'Call'd out of rain-clouds hue by hue,'
And as the gradual crescent grew,
'The covenant with human kind,'

She saw which 'round them He entwin'd,'
Thro, ONE, *The Image of his mind*,*
'Till sin work'd out by toil and pain,'
And Satan bound with iron chain,
'All shall be free and bright again.'

Brightly now dawns that heavenly lore,
'Not mingling the pure light it brings,
'With much that fancy had before,
'Shed in false tinted glimmerings.'
She now has seen that SAVING ONE,
And all things well and wisely done,
She knows the truths, remote, sublime,
Seen dimly thro' these mists of time.
The parents of so sweet a child,
Must not her loss too much lament,
But learn to curb their sorrow wild,
A present they to God have sent,
And render'd back what he had lent.

Oh! when I visit that sweet bower
Our own hands planted in the hour
Of youth, and health, and purest joy:—
And feel the painful sad alloy,
To see those flowers so fairly bloom,
Planted by fingers in the tomb,
Throwing their living sweets, while she
Has wither'd like yon sapless tree,—
Oh then! HOPE points to yonder skies,

* "The brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person."—PAUL.

Where smile the amaranthine bowers,
Where the *dead stem* no longer lies,
But blooms afresh with heavenly flowers;
And MEMORY then, with sweetest voice,
Makes brighter still the smile of HOPE,
And bids me weeping to rejoice,
And lift to Heaven my spirit up.—

I think how oft she bid us pray,
And bid us sing the holy lay,
Repeated strong the fervent prayer
To Him who ever lends an ear;
And when I call'd her *angel dear*,
Reprov'd me with a trembling tear,
"Angels," said she, "are holy, pure,
"And I a sinner, wretched, poor."
Oh! then it was that holy WORD,
"The blood of JESUS CHRIST the Lord
Will wash from sin, and make thee pure,"
Gave her a cordial sweet and sure.—

I think that in that solemn day
When in the arms of death she lay,
Restless with anxious hope and dread,
I hourly watch'd, and wept, and pray'd,
Mark'd the sweet looks of filial love,
Her eyes rais'd up to Heav'n above,
And never more to earth cast down,
As if she saw the heavenly crown;—
Heard on her tongue, in accents glowing,
Our names, when all her powers were going,

And half-form'd speech of angels bright
In glory standing in her sight,—
Saw the last breathings of her frame,
Which soft as zeyphyrs went and came;
Oh! then she breathed the "voiceless prayer
"Unheard by all but MERCY's ear,"
Which heav'nly mercy, sure did hear,
For God to man is always bright,
"This glorious universe of his,
"This world of beauty, goodness, light,
"And endless love proclaims HE IS."

Methinks ev'n now come o'er my soul
The holy music which oft stole
From her light fingers o'er the strings,
And from her angel-tongue that sings
"Of God, Messiah, and the mild
"Attendant Mercy, that beside
"His awful throne for ever smil'd
"Ready with her white hand to guide
"His bolts of vengeance to their prey,—
"That she might quench them on the way;—
"Of Peace,—of that atoning Love
"Upon whose star, shining above
"This twilight world of hope and fear,
"The weeping eyes of faith are fix'd,
"So fond, that with her every tear
"The light of that love-star is mix'd.

Methinks I feel the tender soul
Of piety which breath'd her song,
And see those eyes whose glances stole

From earth to Heaven the skies along.
Methinks those eyes once rais'd to adore,
Now downwards look on us from Heaven,
With love more tender than before,
Bright with the hope, it may be, given
To parents, brothers, sisters dear,
To live on earth in peace and love,
To keep a conscience pure and clear,
And join her in the realms above.

Our Lizzy's sweet and heav'nly mind
Was form'd for that bless'd world of love:—
She never spoke but what was kind,
She ever acted Noah's dove:—
The olive-branch of peace she bore
To quell domestic strife or jar:—
She peace proclaim'd, and ever wore
The face of love—she hated war.
A mind so peaceful and serene
Was form'd not long for this rude earth,
Born for a milder heavenly scene,
She to that place of second birth,
Was early call'd by Heavenly Love,
To mingle with the blest above.

Methinks I see on Sabbath morn,
Our Lizzy in the Sunday Schools,
Teaching young beauties to adorn
Their minds with wisdom's brighter rules.
Methinks I see her lightsome feet
Tripping to neighbouring cot to greet,
With charity's sweet smile, the poor,
And bringing medicines to their door.

Methinks her plaintive voice I hear,
  Shouting my name amid the storm,
In darkest midnight, void of fear,
  Where ran her slender half-clad form
On wings of love, with nimblest feet,
Hastening along the lonely street,
Relief to seek from Doctor's skill,
For her dear Mother sad and ill.

How few the months since that bright morn,
  Which sweetly breath'd with purest love,
When Lizzy's *Bridemaid-smiles* adorn
  The train which to the temple move!
On that sweet day how bright she stood,
  In beauty, health, and spirits glowing,
Gracing that hour of joyous mood,
  A sister at the altar shewing—
Joining in sweet connubial bands
Those kind and well-known sister-hands,
Which oft had press'd her to her breast,
And sooth'd her infant cries to rest:—
How joyous on that day our walk,
Mid Ampthill groves in gayest talk,
Tracing those once proud ancient towers
Where Catherine pass'd her lonely hours;
Around where emulous nettles rose
To shroud their glories, or her woes;
Where many a line engrav'd on stone,
A lesson preach'd of *warning tone*,
And where amid that ancient tower,
She gaily penn'd her *bridemaid* tour;
Where as the sun to setting verg'd
From groves of aged oaks we 'merg'd,

Which storms of thousand years could brave,
Gen'rations hurling to their grave.
Oh! when I think on that bright day,
Soft closing with far beaming ray,
The promise of a future scene
As bright as that where we had been,
Bright dawning on the spot where she,
A sister's *bridemaid*, joy'd to be:—

Then near the altar steps I look,
Where sad and slow the bearers took
That *lovely* ONE, all powerless laid,
And plac'd her in her narrow bed,
While "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Proclaims "THE HOLY AND THE JUST."—
So quickly bringing to decay
The flower that bloom'd so yesterday;—
But hiding as in deepest mines,
The wisdom which his love designs!—
Then deepest grief my heart has swollen,
And almost stopt my labouring breast,
And unbid tears have silent stolen
From eyes that view'd her place of rest:
Oh! then to be the *people's tongue*
In solemn prayer and praise to Heaven!—
Faultering the broken accents hung
On lips where utterance scarce was giv'n!
And still the busy thoughts would rush,
And with soft yearnings melt my soul;
Regret my sinking powers would crush,
And memory thus her page unroll:—

"Our Lizzy's *form* beneath the dust
Keeps, till the waking of the just:
Though late 'twas seen a lovely thing
In earth's best beauty blossoming!
Our Lizzy's *eyes* have lost their fire,
Nor kindle more the fond desire,
Tho' late they shewed the gazer's sight
The fairest beams of earthly light!
Our Lizzy's *tongue* has ceas'd to tell
Of pleasing dream or sorrows swell,
Tho' on it late the listener found
The fairest tones of earthly sound!
Our Lizzy's *heart* has ceas'd to know
The throb of mortal joy or woe,
Tho' late 'twas known our lot to greet,
With earthly love's responsive beat!

But oh! a day will quickly come
When these shall be no longer dumb,
No longer dark, no longer still,
Unmov'd in sense by good or ill:—
The day of doom shall lift her high
Above the earth, beyond the sky,
And eyes, and tongue, and heart, and form,
With glory's transports all be warm.
Great God! whose providential hand
Still keeps us in this weary land,
Let comfort o'er our spirits steal,
And let us well and truly feel,
That she, who for a time to chear
Our *pilgrimage* on earth was near,
Is gone before by goodness giv'n,
To deck our resting place in Heav'n."

Oh! then upon my mental ear
  Swell the sweet notes of prayer and praise
Sung by her friends around her bier,
  These up to Heav'n my spirit raise,—
Where I behold at God's right hand
That *lov'd one* with the seraphs stand,
With palm and crown in bright array,
Mid the pure splendours of eternal day.

"We sing his love who once was slain,
But soon from death reviv'd again,
That all the saints through him might have
Eternal conquest o'er the grave.
The saints who now in Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away;
How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay
To realms of everlasting day.
Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day,
And this deligthful scene display,
When all the saints from death shall rise
Raptur'd in bliss beyond the skies;
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality."

Whene'er beneath that hallowed roof
  We sit through many a gentle year,
And feel beneath our feet the proof,
  The grave holds what we treasur'd here:—

My children, and ye youth around,
Who mourn sweet friendship's loveliest ties
Sever'd and gone, and to be found
On earth no more!—lift up your eyes
To that bless'd world—that goal sublime:—
And through the events of fleeting time,
Run on the way which saints have trod,
The path of life which leads to God:
Sloth and this world's temptations flee,
Your home is in eternity!

Short is the space o'er which we run
To those bright realms which need no sun,
Where the lov'd face we shall again
See bright and free from tear and pain;
Where all who fought of faith the fight
In one assembly shall unite;
In glory clad, and ever sing
The praise of Heaven's eternal King,
And wing their way thro' skies of light,
With the Redeemer's glory bright,
Where youth immortal shall be ever,
Disease ne'er come, nor death to sever;—
Where Love as pure as Heaven's own cloudless skies
Burns bright, expands, but ne'er decays nor dies;
Diffusing bliss thro' every soul abroad,
By emanations from the throne of God.

Dodd, Printer, Woburn.

# THE THIRD FLOWER FADING.

(CONTINUED.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY BELOVED DAUGHTER

# ELIZABETH.

IT has been often remarked by several who knew well my dear Lizzy, for that was the endearing title by which we addressed her, that her mind was gradually preparing by a train of circumstances, by a course of reading, and by improvement of habits, to quit this world for a better: as if she had a presentiment she should not be long an inhabitant of this world.

As her education had been principally domestic, and she had gained a taste for music, painting, poetry, history, and religious books, it was with great reluctance that she went to School. But during the time she was at

Claremont Square Establishment, Pentonville, she found great delight in attending upon the ministry of my worthy friend, Mr. Dillon, of Clerkenwell.

I cannot forget the pleasure with which she quitted her School to accompany me home, and how tenderly she nursed her Brother, who was ill, as we brought him home in the coach from the Blue Coat School.

She had a most feeling heart in pitying the poor and distressed, and relieving them, and used often to visit them and take them medicine; she also became a teacher in our Sunday School, and found the highest pleasure in instructing the children. About two years before her lamented decease she received in our Parish Church the solemn Rite of Confirmation, from the hands of Bishop Pelham. On this occasion she seemed to be impressed with much religious awe, and felt with deep seriousness that she was taking upon herself the solemn vow of her baptism, and devoting herself to the Lord. She became after this particularly fond of transcribing, and committing to memory favourite pieces of Poetry and Hymns, and the recollection of these gave her peace and comfort on her sick bed. How

happy those who have their minds stored in early youth with sentiments which may cheer the hours of lonely retirement, and smooth the thorny course of affliction! How often did she repeat—

"We will not bend the votive knee
To earth's deceits again;
Nor patrons and companions be
Of earth's unholy men.

Our foes shall be the foes of God,
Our friends the friends of truth;
And from the path by sinners trod,
We'll keep our rising youth.

We will not bid our spirit bow,
Nor lend our smile to those,
Who reckless of their early vow,
In sin their being close."

She was to us all that in a Daughter was desirable—most affectionate, placid, domestic, and amiable—most attached to her Parents, her Brothers and Sisters, who all doated on her. I shall never forget the love and zeal which she showed for her beloved Mother, last winter. She was so severely attacked with a spasmodic affection, that I instantly set off for Mr. Farr, the Surgeon, at midnight. As she recovered, my Son was sent to prevent Mr. Farr's atten-

dance at this unseasonable hour. After his departure, Lizzy found her dear Mother was again seized with this alarming complaint, and, without a moment's delay, off she set by herself in the dark and rainy night, a quarter of a mile to town, with thin shoes and a single cloak, and in the midst of the dark street, as I was crossing the road, the voice of my Daughter shouted, "Papa, Papa!" What was my astonishment to behold her in such a plight, at such an hour, and in such weather, alone and in the miry road. "Oh!" said she, "Papa, love lent me wings and took away all fear; I would trust no one but myself; I am determined to bring the Doctor with me." When she returned, she said, she could have ran to Houghton, two miles off, she felt herself so borne along on the wings of love.

She had the pleasure at length of seeing her Mamma recover; but little did she think it was to nurse herself in turn, and close her eyes! The affectionate child had now the pleasure of walking out in the fields and on the downs, saluting the opening beauties of Spring, and often said, "Why should I go to be caged up in School, instead of running at liberty about your beautiful field and garden?" Some little

complaint, a cold, or swelled face, prevented her going to school, when the time arrived. When her Brother George was taken ill, she said, "Do not talk to me of School, how could I study when I knew his life was in danger, and I at a distance, who ought to nurse him!" "I cannot," she said to her Sister, who was also ill, "leave you again, you require my attention;" and she expressed her conviction, that she should never leave her home again. She fell a victim to her attention to her Brother, and caught his fever; and 'ere she took to her bed presented her garments to her Sister, as if she knew she should not need them again!

We fondly hoped, that as it was weeks coming on, it was not the typhus fever, and this prevented us from obtaining farther advice. Oh! the pangs that I have felt that this was not done; and that I had not, contrary to her express injunction and her fears, called in Mr. Parker, of Woburn, the medical friend, who, under God's blessing, cured my Son. I mention these circumstances to relieve my own mind, and to caution others to lose no time at the commencement of this dreadful disorder, in calling in the best advice, and using the most effectual remedies. I am persuaded, that by

firm measures, the disorder may be arrested at its commencement; and this was the decision of Mr. Lawford, who afterwards attended her, who assured me, he had been the means of arresting the fever in two days, by prompt measures. Nine months before, my dear Elizabeth, had accompanied her Sister Jane, in all the bloom of health and gaiety of youth, as a *Bridemaid*, to the Hymeneal Altar, and afterwards to Ampthill. What a heart-rending pang so soon after, to see that beauteous form silently committed to the dust, at the foot of that very altar where she had stood so lately, in the brightness of health and joy!

A thought crossed my mind at Miss Brown's Funeral, (was it a mysterious presentiment?) "How could I endure it, if Providence should call away one of those two beloved Daughters, who were now weeping the loss of their friend! How soon may we be called to weep with those that weep in similar bereavements!" Words cannot describe the severe trial which I felt, in *performing Public Service* within the sacred walls, which inclosed her beloved remains, and within sight of the spot where she reposed. It was with trembling steps that I reached the Altar, and with faultering voice I could speak

the words. My feelings seemed at times too strong for controul, and my voice incapable of utterance.

It is an affecting recollection that my beloved Mary, while sinking under the power of her disorder, took Elizabeth's hand, when she was twelve years of age, and placed it within mine, and said, "Set your heart upon Elizabeth, let her be to you as I have been, take her instead of me, and love her for my sake." And she became to me another Mary; I taught her—she read and studied with me, was the companion of my walks and of my retirement—we walked upon the hills, and contemplated together the glorious face of Nature, spread before us as far as the eye could reach. She accompanied me to Church, no storms nor tempests detained her, and we always agreed in our sentiments. We together planted bowers, and flower gardens; and when the sun was set, we have gone out together to contemplate the starry Heavens, and then have soared above them, to admire the glory of the great Creator. Then, at the close of day, how sweetly she soothed us with her voice, accompanied by her Piano, and commenced our devotions with the Evening Hymn; while, with the Morning Hymn

she has often awakened our Morning devotions. She had naturally an inquisitive mind, and was fond of reading: her abilities and remarks were far beyond her years. And her person and manners—her improving accomplishments in music and drawing, and the unfolding graces and virtues of her mind, attracted the respect and affections of all who knew her She was the object of love and admiration to all her Brothers and Sisters. She was *the life of the Family*. All seemed ready to ask "What does Lizzy say?" But, alas! her Brother, from the Blue Coat School, who came down with such ecstacy, bearing the pretty presents, which he had employed himself in making, to adorn his Lizzy, found his dear Sister dying; and before he could see her, that very day she had closed her eyes! This time last year she was assisting me in the hay-field, and attempting in vain to beguile the apprehended approach of the fever. How often did I then walk with her and soothe her fears. "I dread the typhus fever," she would say, "lest it should keep you from me." But it did not deter me; I generally sat up till three in the morning, to administer her medicines; and her Mother, who retired early, rose when I went to rest, to take my place. Before

I retired, I often walked out into my garden, to hear the sweet singing of birds, at this early hour of prime, when their chorus ushered in the silent dawn; and, as I hoped that our attentions would have brought the disorder to a happy crisis, their songs cheered my spirits, and I seemed to accompany them in their praises. But, alas! the sweet song of the birds has lost its charms ever since, and by association, reminds me of that scene, like the sound of the passing bell. Nature looked the loveliest when this lovely one was sinking; but the clouds came over the sky towards the hour of her departure; and, as I watched them rolling around me, my despond-ing, rebellious heart, whispered, "Heaven is inexorable!" I several times prayed with her, but saw her life gently, and almost imper-ceptibly, ebb itself away! The strife was over! The fountains of my grief were opened! The task then was to break it to my surviving daughter; who was scarcely recovering from a long illness, in which Elizabeth had nursed her, and to my Son, who had arrived only a few hours before; this, however, was at length effected. But, her Sister seemed much more to grieve that she could not die with her, than that she was delivered from her sufferings and

this sinful world! My own grief could obtain no alleviation but in thinking of her, and recurring to every scene of endearment, and visiting the bowers we had planted, and the garden spots we had formed. But, Oh! with what eagerness did I look back to the instances I could discover of her knowledge and love of God, her Saviour, of her value for the Gospel, her admiration of God, and her delight in retirement and meditation; with what curiosity I re-perused the books she loved, and the Hymns, Psalms, and Spiritual Songs, which she prized and sung. Oh! how bright did those spots appear in the short career of her sweet life, in which she discovered evidences of gratitude to her God and Saviour, affectionate duty to her parents, self-denying tenderness and kind affection to her Brothers and Sisters, benevolence to the sick and indigent, and a readiness to instruct the young. These I have expatiated upon in the Sermon and in the Poem. Oh! if Parents would but consider what satisfaction, what happiness these testimonials of the piety of their children would give them in the painful event of being bereaved of them, how eagerly would they bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; how diligently would

they teach them the right way, and train them up for the kingdom of God! These proofs came out the more satisfactory, when I recollected with what pleasure and delight she attended the House of God, the earnestness with which she heard the Gospel, from some of its eminent Preachers, the benefits she said she derived when at school from Mr. Dillon's ministry, which she attended with such delight at Clerkenwell Church, in the Evening, and the earnestness with which she often requested us to sing and pray with her in her illness. I could not but entertain a well grounded hope that our loss was her eternal gain. Still, I confess, that I have had to suppress many a painful murmuring thought, "why hath the Lord taken away this solace of my life?" "Why hath he caused the blossom that promised such a vintage of blessings to fall 'ere it came to fruit?" But, then, I have endeavoured to still my murmurs, with saying, "why should a living man complain." Perhaps it was the punishment of my sin—perhaps it was to remove the earthly idol of my heart, that I might give my affection to God alone—perhaps it was the wise plan and appointment of God to take her from the evil to come. Perhaps she had filled her place on

earth, and was ripe and meet to take a higher post in heaven!" These considerations tend to quiet the heavings of my heart, when I think of the loss of two such beloved, affectionate, and virtuous children, cut down like blooming flowers before they were eighteen! I shall never forget their last moments; I witnessed both of them breathing out their spirits into the hands of God. Each fixed their opened eyes on heaven, as if they beheld a brighter world, and never cast them down again to earth. But, dear Lizzy looked with an eye so bright and beautiful, which lost not its lustre though sinking in death;—the power of speech was gone, but her lips moved as if they were in prayer, and so gradually closed that I could not observe the last breath. Her spirit passed so quietly away, that I could not discern the least sigh or change of feature; her countenance was calm and sweet, and her eye beamed as brightening with eternal joy.

Oh! then she breath'd the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but mercy's ear,
Which heavenly Mercy sure did hear.

For God to man is all this bright,
This glorious Universe of His,
This world of beauty, goodness, light,
And endless love, proclaims—He is!

And, oh! if any consideration can stay the dropping tear—can maintain the fainting heart, and confirm the feeble knee on such a loss, it is the *good hope*, that the Heavenly Gardiner has transplanted these choicest plants from the low vales of earth to the everlasting hills of his Paradise above: and, that possibly in the œconomy of his wisdom and grace, their place and station in heaven required them; and, therefore, the Lord sent down his Angel to fetch them. "In the universe, the immense kingdom of Jehovah, order, in the perfect sense, extends from the infinite Ruler, through all the gradations of virtuous beings down to the humblest of its inhabitants. In such an empire, the services necessary to this order, and the accomplishment of the purposes for which it is established are of necessity endless in their multitude, and sufficiently comprehensive to furnish His own part to every virtuous being. For this part, each individual is formed and destined; and both his faculties and attainments are directed by the Divine Prescience as to qualify him to act therein, in a better manner than any other being. Thus no individual will be useless, forgotten, or unemployed. Every one will labour in his own place, and will per-

form the duties of that place in the happiest manner."

The young people sang at the funeral of my dear Daughter Elizabeth, the Hymn—

"Exalted high at God's right hand;"—and
"We sing His love, who once was slain."

And a large congregation attended, who sympathised with me in my affliction; but when I beheld the spot where her beloved remains were entombed, the hope of her bliss was insufficient to controul my feelings for weeks, and I had great difficulty at times to give utterance to the service. I have found the most soothing consolation in writing respecting both, all that I could remember of their dispositions, words, and actions, which endear their memory, and encourage the hope, that they hand-in-hand now surround the throne of God and of the Lamb.

After writing the above to soothe my sorrows, which could find no alleviation, till I had embodied in language, the recollections which I could make of my dear Elizabeth. I was much struck with the following deliniations:—

"Let us contemplate what sustains the spirit of a man under the removal of those things upon which his desire is set here below. When a beloved object is removed, there is within the soul an emptiness, as if really a part of herself had been torn away.

Into this empty chamber she retreats to dwell alone; engagements and pleasures, and discourse of friends are for a while forgotten. Inaction of body, abstraction of mind, a fixed eye, and a sealed spirit, go with us and cleave unto us like a shadow. Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content! But by degrees nature recovers from the blow that strained her powers, and then her first employment is to look back into the annals of the past, when her delight was the departed object of her love; and if she find that she had treated it well—that its memory is associated with duties performed and kind offices discharged—that she can ruminate upon virtuous and innocent, and happy scenes, and discourse with contentment and gratification of all that passed between them —that there is no invasion of repentance and remorse for arrears of love unpaid, or overtures of advantage unaccepted; then she hath a consolation in memory, and to memory she fleeth as a city of refuge. The object gone getteth a second life, it liveth in those parts of the mind which dwell with the past, in the seasons of stillness it cometh up and keepeth us company, it riseth up in the places we sojourned together---it cometh to us in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, invested with those same attributes of love and joy, which it wore towards us in our earthly converse, and which it weareth still in the converse of memory.

But besides living with the past it liveth also with the present, in the affections which it cultivated, in the good habits which it strengthened, and the good interests which it hath secured. An object, therefore, which hath been rightly used, continues to have a share of the happy, lively parts of our life, and is as it were, only cut off from the present senses, but to the spirit is present as before."——IRVING'S ORATIONS, p. 328.

**My Mary ever since her departure has appeared present to my spirit, though to my senses invisible; and I long wore a ring, with the motto inscribed, "Semper adsis!"**

Mary! thy spirit ever dwells with me,
And lights me to a bless'd eternity!

The dear spirit of my Lizzy seems ever present with my spirit also; but the chief consolation I have, is derived from the ANTICIPATION of *beholding them again!* This hope "poureth life anew into the chambers of Death, and Eternity into the moulds of time. Death loseth its sting and the grave her victory, and mortality is swallowed up of life! We seem to hear the departed spirit inviting us to come and be joined to its fellowship—to hasten and come unto our rest. Death is a journey from friends to friends, life a visit among friends, and death a return to our friends."—(*Irving.*)

Therefore I can sing,

Tho' Lizzy's *form* beneath the dust,
Sleeps till the waking of the just;
Tho' Lizzy's *tongue* hath ceas'd to tell
Of pleasure's dream, or sorrows swell;
Yet her sweet spirit seems to dwell
Calm in my heart's most inmost cell.
Her angel-form seems flitting round,
The spots she trod as holy-ground:
And whispers sweet I seem to hear,
From her lov'd accents hovering near;
Inviting me to lift my eye
To her late gain'd, but native sky,
Where heavenly LOVE so early chose
To waft her safe from storms and woes:
And pointing forth my mental eye
To the GREAT DAY of destiny—
When her now mourn'd and mouldering dust,
From the sear'd sepulchre shall burst;
Triumphant as an angel bright,
Each feature ting'd with glory's light;
Her eyes shall charm with beams more clear,
Her tongue with sweeter tones the ear;
And join with us the song to raise
To God, of everlasting praise.

**The following Letters, more than any thing a Parent can say, shew how much my dear Lizzy was beloved and respected, and what a feeling of grief her loss has occasioned.**

FROM MR. K——.

My Dear Friend,

From the unfeigned sorrow which we felt at your severe and trying afflictions, there can be no difficulty in our conceiving what must have been your, and dear Mrs. P's. feelings upon the occasion; indeed, exclusive of our immediate family (not including relatives) no death ever brought with it such a shock as that of our dear departed, but now happy friend. It is to be hoped that under a calamity so oppressing that the Lord has been a strong support; and, I doubt not, if human eyes could behold that blessed state of happiness which she now enjoys, there would be reason to adore that mercy, which though it deprived us of an invaluable treasure, yet it invited her from a world of care, and pain, and troubles, and misery, to a scene of the most perfect calm, and undisturbed tranquillity; where, I trust, we shall all meet never to be separated. I am not one among those Stoics who would suppress the flowings of the parental mind, full of tenderness, affection, and sensibility. To suppress such tears is not human, neither is it advisable; but, I do say, that where there is such a measure of consolation, it becomes our bounden duty to thank *Him* who, however bitter the draught may have been, has placed the cup of affliction to our lips, and if he has made us drain it to the dregs we have a right to consider it as an antidote administered for our ultimate benefit.

From the very bottom of our hearts do we condole with you, and trust you will relieve our anxiety by letting us know exactly what is the state of Mrs. P's. health, and that of all your family.

Could our sympathies bring with them all the comforts we wish you, you should not want for consolation. The awful truth is before us all, that there is one summons which we must all obey, but the grand and joyful consolation is, that a crucified Saviour has in himself assumed the victory of the grave and taken from death its sting. It is only with the living that the impression of his cold grasp remains. Here I must stop short, I had almost forgot that I was addressing a minister, and had nearly assumed too much the strain of exhortation. With kindest wishes for your happiness, and with sincere love for Mrs. P. and family,

We remain, my dear Sir,

Your's ever sincerely,

C. K.

To the Rev. S. Piggott.

ThisLetter much comforted us, and I beg here to acknowledge with gratitude, the sympathy and friendship which dictated it, though I seemed so *spell-bound* by grief that I could make no reply. It brought to my recollection so vividly—

That fatal day—distressing hour,
When fruitless human skill and power
My Lizzy's spirit to retain;
Never shall I forget that look,
So sweet and solemn which she took!
That breath! no more to breathe again!

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## FROM ANOTHER INTIMATE FRIEND.

My Dear Sir,

Thrice during the continuance of dear Elizabeth's illness, I actually wrote Letters intending to forward them to you; but, ------ forbore to put them in the post. Personal attendance was impossible; but, indeed, I did not imagine that her youth and her good constitution, would not eventually triumph. But now that all is over, and the last sad event has happened (of which I only heard *last night*) I cannot refain from addressing you, to mingle my grief with yours, and to assure you, that deep and chilling are my feelings with respect to your bereavement.

I will make no attempt at consolation, because I have it not in myself At *present* I care little for the living, my thoughts are chiefly in the tomb; and, I consider that all language is idle because it cannot

awake the dead. I cannot help exclaiming with MONTGOMERY:—

"Beyond the hills beyond the sea,
Oh! for the pinions of a dove;
Oh! for the morning's wings to flee
Away, and be *with* those *we* love!"

But *you* have other ties to hold you; you have other duties to perform; and, it becomes you to summon up your spirit; it becomes you to act like David; to lay aside immediate regret, and go about your daily business, and say, "Can I bring her back again? I shall go to her but she shall not return to me."

Remember me very kindly to all, and believe me,

My Dear Sir,

Your's, most sincerely,

To the Rev. S. Piggot.

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When that Friend visited Dunstable he put into my hand the following exquisite Stanzas, from LORD BYRON, as the description of his own feelings:—

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As ought of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessnes or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
  Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
  So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love
  Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing, that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
  As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
  And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
  Nor falsehood disavow.
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
  The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
  Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
  Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away;
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
  Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
  The leaves must drop away:



And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
  Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
  Extinguished, not decayed;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep
  My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
  One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
  Uphold thy drooping head:
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
  Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
  Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity,
  Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years.

From such poor consolation, which is all that the sceptic can reap from the dismal tomb, all that he can extract from *dark and dread eternity*, how cheering it is to look on the inspired page, and lifting up the telescope of faith behold the world of glory, and the spirits of the faithful as they arrive from this lower world taking that place and station, entering upon that portion, and imbibing that heavenly enjoyment for which they have been fitting.

For there "every individual will feel that his own place and portion are contrived by the wisdom that cannot err, and the love which cannot injure—that they are necessary and desirable parts of a perfect system of good; that *no other being* could so well fill the station *he* occupies, and that *he* could not so well fill any other station. In a word, he will see that, had the whole arrangement of Providence been left to his own choice, he should have chosen exactly what God has chosen for him. All his wishes, therefore, all his views will be satisfied."—(DWIGHT.)

Oh! let this consideration still my murmurs, instead of blaming Physicians, or quarrelling with second causes, let me look at my dear Daughter's mind, as it was formed and modelled for Heaven during her stay on earth, and at the peculiar impressions produced on my Elizabeth by *providential* circumstances, which led

her to serious thought and meditation previous to her illness. Let me look at the *books* and *writings* which excited a deep interest in the things of religion and rendered them a pleasure, and at the *trials* which drove her to her Saviour, as her *unchangeable* COMFORTER. Then let me look at the future *station* for which she was here *fitting*, and the glorious place preparing for her, and wait for the period when we shall see Elizabeth and Mary walking together in immortal youth through the fields of Heaven, and enjoy again their sweet society, in the world of entire and everlasting friendship; and there mutually known and mutually beloved, shall travel onward through a blessed eternity, united by the purest and most extatic love—occupied as best befits our character, in that place most suited for us, and reflecting a beauty and a glory, ever lovely and ever new.

"For there every individual 'loves his neighbour as himself.' A common good is announced by the voice of God; so great as to comprise all individual happiness! so arranged as to furnish every one his proper portion, the part which he is to fulfill, and the means by which he is to act in it with absolute efficacy; and so noble as to fix every eye, engross every heart, and summon every effort."—(DWIGHT.)

To confirm my hope of this final, joyous meeting, I will here subjoin a specimen of my dear Lizzy's Notes of the Sermons she heard.

Rev. R. C. Dillon. Nov. 12, 1816.

2 Corinthians, 12, vii, viii, ix.

"There is nothing more striking in the Holy Scriptures than marked answers to prayer. We have here—First, The trial of the Apostle. Second, The means he took to get rid of the trial. Third, The success of these means. Fourth, The success this effect produced on his mind.

I. In the beginning of this Chapter he related a most extraordinary occurrence in his own life; but he has the modesty not to mention that he himself was the person, or to relate it till fourteen years after. So pious and zealous as was this Apostle, yet he was not without sin. There was danger, but the man who had seen all the glories of Heaven should be exalted above measure. In order, therefore, to correct any proud feeling that might arise in his mind, there was given him a thorn in the flesh. What was this thorn? The opinion of many of the Fathers was, that the vision which St. Paul had been favoured with of celestial glories, had so affected his nerves and agitated his whole frame, that he was afflicted with a distorted countenance and a stammering tongue.

But, why is this [illegible] called a Messenger of Satan? [illegible] allowed Satan to have an influence [illegible] the body of

St. Paul. I refer you in proof of this fact in other cases to the 2nd of Job, and the 8th of Luke, 4th verse. This has been permitted in certain circumstances and cases for very wise purposes.

You have all your thorns in the flesh. In the world you shall have trials, and if you look to your own heart, you will see that it is chiefly your own fault. Pride is a hateful and cursed evil, and deserves justly to be punished. The trial of the Apostle was of no ordinary nature. It was his high destination to preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ—he had to bear his testimony before the high and polished inhabitants of Greece and Rome—the most refined scholars of the age who were not very willing to listen to a teacher of new doctrines. He was obliged to carry the Gospel into remote nations, and to stand before Kings, and not be afraid, though he was afflicted with a distorted countenance and a stammering tongue. But he wished not to soar on the wings of popular applause! What cared he whether he obtained the plaudits of the learned men of Greece or not. All his aim was to glorify God, and to save the souls of sinners; and he carried his infirmities to a throne of grace, and there found comfort. "I petitioned the Lord thrice, and it was said to me, my grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is perfected in weakness!" Oh! how are those men to be pitied who have no God to go to when oppressed by trials and troubles!

*The remainder of the M.S. is lost.*

## EARLY DEATH IN SEASON; OR, THE RIPE CORN GATHERED IN YOUTH; A LESSON TO THE YOUNG, AND CONSOLATION TO THE BEREAVED.

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5 JOB, 26.—*Thou shalt come to thy grave in full age, like as a shock of corn that cometh in his season.*

THE shortness of life is not of such importance as the manner in which it is spent; it is not length of days that will fit for heaven, but ripeness of grace and virtue. The husbandman waits only till the corn is ripe to cut it down; and whether it be ripe in July or August, *that* he considers the proper season to put in the sickle. Thus we may be as ripe for Heaven in youth as in age. The young, therefore, cannot be said to be called away *prematurely* if they are fit for Heaven. And this consideration may tend to reconcile our minds, and to dry up our tears when bereaved of our young friends, yea, even of our children! We have all a great work to perform in this world; it is to prepare for the glorious inheritance in Heaven. If that work be accomplished early, we come to our grave ripe for Heaven, in full age, like as a shock of corn that cometh in its season. "Lo this we

have searched out, so it is, hear it and know thou it for thy good."

On this solemn and affecting occasion, therefore, I shall call your attention to three points.

I. Let us consider what it is to come to our grave in a full age.

II. The means of becoming ripe for Heaven.

III. The condition of those who become ripe in years, but not ripe for Heaven.

May God enable us so to improve life and attend to its duties, that when the command is issued to put in the sickle, we may be ripe for the harvest.

I. Let us first consider what it is to COME TO OUR GRAVE IN A FULL AGE.

God hath made none for nought. Every person is sent into the world to perform a certain work and fill up a certain place. *Every one must glorify God, in doing the work assigned,* or receive punishment for his neglect thereof. We are called upon as Members of the Christian Church, to fight the fight of faith, and to follow the Captain of our Salvation in the christian warfare. All do not occupy like stations, some are in the ranks, some take command, but all have a place assigned them and a duty to perform, and all must stand their

ground. If they are not like Moses or Joshua leading the armies of the Lord, they may occupy an humble station in the Church, and like Dorcas, make the poor blessed by clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, and act uprightly in the state to which it hath pleased God to call them. Some may enter late into the vineyard, having sinfully stood idle all the day, while others entered it at an early hour, like Jeremiah, Samuel, and Timothy. Some also may finish their work sooner than others; and, therefore, be called in a shorter space from the Church militant to join the Church triumphant. Enoch was translated to Heaven at once; Abijah was called when a child to eternal rest, for the Lord God had seen something good in him. Josiah was taken to wear the heavenly crown as soon as he had wielded his sceptre to reform the idolatrous Church of Judah. Our Edward the Sixth, as soon as he had delivered his country from Popery, and established the reformed religion, was enabled at the early age of 17, to join those who are priests and kings unto God for ever. John the Baptist was beheaded as soon as he had performed his work as the herald of the Messiah; and, our Lord himself

seemed straitened till he had accomplished the work of our salvation; and after four years of labour and suffering, soared back to the glory he had with the Father, before the world began! Could we say of any of these, that they were called away too soon—in the midst of their work? Oh, no! *they had performed the work for which they were sent.* They had fulfilled their days as completely as if they had lived a thousand years. If we are the servants of Christ we can never be said to be cut off at an *early period*, but at the time his wisdom has long fixed. If we see you growing in grace you are ripening to come to your grave in *full age.* The fruits of the earth are not all ripe at once: some come to perfection at an earlier period than others, but when ripe they must be gathered. God knows best when we are fit for his kingdom. They live the longest who best improve life for the purposes for which it was given. Methuselah lived nearly 1,000 years; but, they who wisely improve life, and serve and glorify God, they live equally as long in God's sight and to as much purpose. If we live long enough to work out our salvation, we shall fill up our days as much as if we had lived 1,000 years; our work and time will both end together. We shall

finish our course with joy, and be gathered home as a shock of corn ripe in its season.

II. Let us consider more particularly in *what way we must fill up our days so as to arrive at full age, as a shock of corn ripe for Heaven. Not by mispending time*, for that will be laying up great unhappiness for a death-bed. Titus exclaimed upon the retrospect of a day, marked by no good action, "I have lost a day!" But how doubly lost is that day which is spent in sin! *Not by wasting* the *Sabbath*, in travelling on worldly business, or in trifling and idleness. The remembrance of Sabbaths and privileges neglected and abused, will be thorns on the dying pillow. The Sabbath is the day on which we should be most laborious for the soul. This is the seed-time, which if not improved, we shall reap no harvest. When we come to the last account, we shall then see and feel the importance of having filled up the duties of each day.

First.—Let it be our main object, each one of us to *look to the Salvation of his own soul.* Do all you can for others, but forget not thy own soul. "What will it profit thee to gain the whole world and lose thy own soul?" Would you fill up your days aright then, enquire

whether your soul be purified from its guilt, renewed by the spirit, adorned with grace and holiness, and ready to meet the Bridegroom. Seek for sanctifying grace, to bring your soul into a proper temper, to give you heavenly dispositions, and to enable you to glorify God on earth, that you may be prepared to glorify Him in Heaven.

Second.—Imitate the love of Christ by endeavouring to promote the salvation of others. Warn the wicked—instruct the ignorant—comfort the afflicted. Though you can do but little, yet be ready to assist every plan to promote the glory of God,—to spread abroad his Gospel to teach the young, and to relieve the sick and the indigent. Every one will be accepted according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not; and, remember that a cup of cold water given to one of Christ's disciples shall not lose its reward, and the widow's mite given in love is more acceptable than the treasures of the rich given in ostentation. The poor repentant thief upon the cross, though his opportunity was short, manifested the desire of his heart, to glorify God; for he confessed his sin, reproved his fellow-sufferers, and believed in his Redeemer.

All who are diligent in serving God, and their generation, whose object is to be found in peace, may be said to have come to *a full end.* But, alas! "The sinner, though he die an hundred years old shall perish;" "the lamp of the wicked will go out in darkness." When death approaches they are unprepared, and are at their wits end, they send in alarm for the Physician and the Minister; but the Christian, having filled up the duties of his day, is enabled to say like old Simeon, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." My dear child, who was early called to a better world, has prompted me to speak on this subject, an admonition to the young. She was, I trust, gradually preparing in this way to be gathered home; her mind from various circumstances was attracted to religion; her young heart was gradually detached from this world and fixed upon a better. From the books which she read and the Gospel which she heard, she seemed to be increasing in the knowledge of divine things, and to see their great importance. Hence she was fond of retirement and contemplation; and I have often found her at a late hour in a room by herself, without any light, contemplating the starry Heavens, and with her have often

admired the moon walking in brightness and the starry firmament, and have felt the calm instructions of the silent scene, and fancied we heard the rolling orbs

"For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

She delighted to range the hills and the groves and contemplate the beautiful face of nature, and to exclaim with devout feelings

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good;
Almighty! thine this universal frame," &c.

I shall ever remember with what feeling she spoke and sang these beautiful words of Thompson:—

"These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months
With light and heat refulgent.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwings wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast!"

It is a cordial to me to recollect the pleasure which she felt in coming to this House of God; she generally accompanied me in the week as well as on the Sunday, and would not be deterred by storms or tempests. How often in

the vestry, after service, has she expressed her delight on some portions of the Sermon, and its suitableness to the state of her own mind! How often did she cheer me in the midst of my labours, and soothe me when they were over. The subject I find too tender to dwell upon in the pulpit; I must omit much, therefore, my feelings will not allow me to speak of them! But I call to mind with pleasure, that she felt an interest in the Sunday Schools and she began to assist in teaching in them, and continued it till illness in the family prevented. It cheers me also to remember the sympathy that she ever discovered for the afflicted, and her readiness to relieve and assist the wretched, which she has manifested on several occasions. Selfishness formed no part of her character, she was always ready to deny herself for the benefit of others; she was also a lover of peace and a peace-maker; jarring and contention she detested, but harmony, peace, and love, she delighted in; so that her mind seemed gradually forming for the world, where peace and love for ever reign, and, at last, she fell a victim to her affections! It was her affectionate attention in nursing a beloved brother, which brought on the fever which carried her off; she braved

every danger for his sake! During that trying season of her illness, nothing so pleased and comforted her as the presence of her parents, their reading to her prayers and singing with her.

She seemed to have a sort of presentiment from the first that she should not live; and whenever I prayed with her, with what fervour and earnestness she repeated the words after me! One day when I went into her room, I called her "My dear little Angel!" "No," says she, "call me not an Angel. Angels are holy, happy beings, but I am a poor miserable sinner!" And then I told her of the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin, and then I prayed with her, and with the greatest fervour she accompanied my petitions to the throne of Grace. Oh! it gives us pleasure in this hour of bereavement, to recollect the delight she felt to hear us read the inspired word and sing the praises of God.

Third.—Let us consider the awful condition of those, *who though ripe in years are not ripe for Heaven.* "Grey hairs are a crown of glory if they be found in the way of righteousness." Yet old age will not save the soul. "The sinner, though a hundred years old shall perish!" Die when you will, if unconverted you cannot

be saved, though you have lived to the latest period. Sufficient time is given to every one to prepare for Heaven; while, therefore, "the bloody and deceitful are not suffered to live out half their days;" it is inexcusable for those who are spared to old age, to die in their sins; old age, therefore, may become a curse instead of a blessing. If we are not living to the glory of God and the benefit of men—if we do not become more holy as we increase in years, our load of guilt will become the heavier, and our condemnation the greater. The wise man declares, viii Eccles. 12.—"Though the sinner do evil for a time and his days be prolonged, yet it shall not be well with such wicked persons because they fear not God."—Ye then that are in the decline of life consider your ways. Behold how the shadows of the evening are coming upon you!—Your day must soon close in. Oh! that it may not set in eternal night—Do not remain a sinner to the days of old age—do not entertain false hopes of going to Heaven—do not plunge with the guilt of sixty, seventy, or a hundred years, into the ocean of eternity! Seek before it be too late, to enter into the ways of righteousness. But, Oh! ye young people! let me advise and beseech you to give

[illegible] your youth to God. We know not how uncertain life is, and how soon the healthiest may be cut off. "Work, therefore, while it is called day." Delay not to enter the vineyard of the Lord. "The night of death cometh when no man can work." Luther said: "Be not slothful, but be followers of them who through faith and patience have inherited the promises." How little did I think when I preached the Sermon on Miss Brown, that it would soon be my task to preach on an occasion so affecting as this! That event, that Sermon, made a great impression on the mind of my dear departed Daughter, and she wrote out several copies of the Verses which I quoted, "Earth to Earth, and Dust to Dust," and gave them to her Friends. Whatever presentiments she might have had, little did we think that she would be called to exemplify her written memorial! My young Friends! improve your talents, time, and opportunities, while they remain; yet place your whole reliance for Salvation not upon your works or labours of love, but upon the merits of of Jesus Christ alone. Are you fearful that you shall not become ripe for Heaven? Be assured that He who has planted the seed will water it with his grace, and enable you to bring forth

fruit, and fit you for the eternal harvest. You shall live until you have answered the purposes of his grace and mercy, and until you are fitted to take your place and station in a nobler existence, amongst the spirits of the just made perfect." And if you are called away in your youth, it is because the Captain of your Salvation is pleased to crown with glory, some of the youngest of his soldiers, who have shewn signal virtue, and because He has made them fit and meet to take a higher post amongst the glorious company of Heaven; and be assured, as soon as you are ripe and fit for Heaven you shall be housed in His garden, and carried home as a shock of corn ripe in its season. While the spring-time lasts then, and the soil is prepared, receive the seed of eternal life. While your affections are more readily moved, and your imaginations are lively, survey with sparkling eyes the crown of immortal glory, and brace yourselves to run the race till you grasp it. While depravity has cast but feeble roots seek the divine grace to check its growth; while conscience preserves its tremulous delicacy and nice sensibility listen to its monitory voice. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" give him the *first fruits* of your life.

Seek to become like John, the youngest of the disciples—the most beloved. Become by your early piety the delight of your Parents, and a blessing to your Brothers and Sisters. Choose religion as your companion through this vale of tears, and she will conduct you to springs of consolation; she will be the guide of your journey; she will comfort you in seasons of adversity, and open to you delightful prospects of the land of eternal rest; she will guard you against temptation and save you from remorse; she will crown your old age with glory, and enable you on the verge of life to say, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge will give me at that day!" May the Spirit of God thus instruct and prepare us all for the coming of our Lord to fetch our souls at death and for his last glorious coming to our eternal Salvation.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be equal and endless glory ascribed.

THE

# PURE LOVE OF THE ANGELS;

&c. &c. &c.

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## I.

THERE liv'd a pure, a young, and lovely maid,
Whose soul was gentle as the vernal gale;
Her mild, meek virtues flourish'd in the shade,
Blooming and beauteous as her native vale:—
From infancy her opening beauties spread,
Sweet as the rose to each admiring eye
The lovely tresses which adorn'd her head
Shaded a brow of calm benignity.

## II.

Her eye, enraptur'd, threw around its gaze
On hill and verdant dale, and flood and field,
Then to the skies its grateful glance would raise,
And Heav'n and Earth alternate raptures yield.
"How beauteous is this world!" she'd oft exclaim,
"How lovely the abode our God has giv'n!
"Through changing times His love is still the same,
"And makes this blooming earth a lower Heav'n."

III.

"I stand and gaze, unwearied with the sight,
"The brilliant glories of the summer's sun—
"The glimmering groves, and solemn woods, invite
"My walk contemplative at fervid noon:
"Sometimes my glowing fancy seems to see
"A smiling Angel in the fleecy cloud;
"Anon, I seem to hear his minstrelsy,
"Harping his seraph song, now low, now loud!"

IV.

"How comes it that a tide of sacred bliss
"At times flows in, to my enraptur'd breast?
"Sure some Angelic friend must mediate this,
"And with his whisper soothe my soul to rest!
"They say that Angel Bands come down to Earth,
"To guard the faithful 'gainst the hidden foe;
"That ministering spirits, from our birth,
"Sublime our pleasures and console our woe!"

V.

"Perhaps in this sequester'd, holy shade,
"They walk unseen, exalting all my mind;
"Perhaps, when lock'd in sleep my frame is laid,
"They stand around, a safeguard strong and kind.
"O that some vision of my Angel Friend,
"Waking or sleeping might like morning ray,
"Dawn on my twilight views or when I bend
"Before the throne, and turn my night to day!"

VI.

Maria's feet now reach'd the still alcove
With fragrant woodbines and laburnums shaded;
She view'd the blue expansive skies above,
And distant hills in æther nearly faded;
This noiseless calm, the sweet ethereal blue,
Seem'd image of the brighter world of rest,
And her pure fancy shining pictures drew,
Clear as the lake with Heav'n-reflected breast.

VII.

There serious sat she, wrapt in pious thought;
Her spirit soar'd above the azure sky,
To Him who all those wond'rous beauties wrought,
And pierc'd the veil to his bright throne on high;
Deep musing, deep absorb'd in contemplation,
Sooth'd by reflections on the heav'nly world,
Her pow'rs, long toss'd by speechless admiration,
Sunk to repose, like sails in harbour furl'd.

VIII.

She thought, amid the blue expanse of sky
On which her eye delighted long had dwelt,
She saw a spot of light advancing high,—
An Angel it appear'd, and low she knelt;
But in that momentary trance her soul
Ev'n to Messiah's rainbow'd throne took wing,
And heard beyond where storms and thunders roll,
The shining ranks their joyful praises sing.

IX.

She saw the founts of bliss, whose purest stream
Whoever drinks will never thirst again;
She saw the tree of life, whose clusters teem
With healing of all mortal grief and pain;
And lo! reveal'd to her transported sight,
Her guardian Angel, bright with smiles of love!
He hover'd round with golden wings bedight,
And shed the fragrance of the worlds above.

X.

Gabriel with these sweet accents charms her ears,—
"I come to show thy faith the angelic world;
To prove our care to blunt the vengeful spears
Aim'd by the Demons who from Heav'n were hurl'd;
Come! mount with me—come! see the realms of day
Where all the attendant Angels waiting stand,
To shed on suffering Saints Hope's cheering ray,
Or execute the avenger's just command."

XI.

Rais'd at the word, she, as on buoyant wing,
Soar'd o'er the sacred tops of Sion's hill,
To where the cherubic songs the Zephyrs bring
In echoes sweet, and Heav'n with raptures fill.
She saw the healing tree whose bending boughs
Their twice six different fruits in plenty bore,
She view'd the stream of life, where mortal woe
By those who drank were ne'er remember'd more.

## XII.

She saw the countless ranks of Angels, bending
Before the dazzling, viewless throne of God;
Some readily their mighty wings extending,
To fly with lightning speed far far abroad,
The guardian spirit now with tuneful voice
Thus to her asking thoughts made kind reply,
Thus shew'd that Mortals, Heaven's own gracious choice,
Guarded by Angels, rise to bliss on high.

## XIII.

"Seraphs and Saints rests in the spheres above,
Here in pure pleasures spend the peaceful hours;
Far beams around the light of holy love,
And not a wish disturbs our ravish'd powers;
Shining in vestures of celestial white,
Robes of imputed holiness, we dwell
Perfect and pure, in God's immediate sight,
And taste the streams that from truth's fountain well.

## XIV.

"Our highest joy the lofty song to raise
"To Heav'ns eternal Sovereign and the Lamb;
"Redemption the fond subject of our lays,—
"Our bliss to give weak man the victor's palm
"We shouted forth the choral strain of joy
"When the foundations of the earth were laid;
"To tend the heirs of Heav'n our chief employ,
"And love, the labor our delight has made.

XV.

" These morning stars their happy influence shed,
" And light and joy diffuse through every sphere;
" Mortals they love as younger brethren, bred
" To reign in Heav'n when we have taught them here,
" The loves of Angels will to Man be source
" Of highest rapture in the realms of bliss;
" And through the scenes of his terrestial course
" Their love inspires a calm resembling this.

XVI.

" We cheer the Pilgrims on their thorny road
Of labour, suffering, conflict, want, and pain;
We point the fainting to that blest abode,
Where rest is found, nor sorrow known again:—
Thus, as the Patriarch trod his lonely way,
And rested on a stone his weary head,
Angels around him turn'd the night to day,
And watch'd, as guardians, round his desart bed!

XVII.

" They flew to Heav'n, and down to Earth they came,
Buoyant on outspread wings, with pace serene,
Tripping those golden steps of mystic frame,
" Which reach to earth whilst on the Heav'ns they lean;—
Signal of union twixt the Earth and Heav'n!
Picture of Angels' sympathy with man!
Emblem of peace that shall to him be giv'n,
When sav'd from sin and strong temptations ban.

## XVIII.

" We round the Saints of God ministrant wait,—
Legions of Angels have this office shar'd;
Like those who tented in Samaria's straight,
Upon the mountains round, Elisha's guard.—
We gird the christian warrior for the fight
With sin, the world, and all the hosts of hell;
His sword we temper with superior might,
And point his spear the deadly foe to quell!

## XIX.

" We soothe with cordial sweet his fainting heart,
When on the couch of pining sickness lying;
The chords of being we refine to part,
With gentlest touch, and ease the pains of dying;
We with fair visions cheer his faded eye,
And through the chinks of his frail tenement
Dart beams of glory and felicity
To feed the glimmering lamp of life, till spent!

## XX.

" Thus the old Patriarch, full of grace and years,
Rais'd from the couch of death his feeble frame;
And, leaning on his staff, dismiss'd his fears;
And blest his God in strains of deathless fame:—
Mid the sure mercies which the Saint had view'd
In long perspective on his sons descending,
Angels with heav'nly peace his soul imbued,
Whilst on their wings he seem'd to Heav'n ascending.

## XXI.

Then paus'd amidst his blessings, and with power
He sounded forth the voice of grateful praise ;
" I've look'd for thy salvation to this hour ;
" Lord, on thy truth her hope my spirit stays !"
We on our radiant fans bear up the soul
From all that compass'd it on Earth's dull sod,
And waft it far beyond where comets roll,
To the third Heav'n, " the bosom of its God !"

## XXII.

" Or, like Elijah, in our fiery car,
Triumphantly convey it to the Lamb ;
To wear at rest, from toil and mental war
The victor's crown, and praise the great I AM !
Or, if the suffering saint unnotic'd dies,
More pitied by the dogs than wealth and pride—
On wings of Angels he to Heav'n shall rise
In Abraham's breast for ever to abide.

## XXIII.

" The loves of Angels to Man's fallen race
In joyous songs we sounded thro' the sky,
When the Redeemer first began to trace
Their path on earth by stooping from on high ;
We watch'd his gracious course of matchless love,
We, in the desart waste, his table spread ;
Like brooding Cherubim the ark above,
We hover'd round the cross on which he bled !

## XXIV.

" When death detain'd in bonds the Lord of life,
We from his tomb roll'd back the weighty stone ;
We hail'd his victory in the matchless strife,
And to his pining friends in comfort shone :—
When rose the mighty Conqueror from the dead,
With transport we announc'd the truth to men,
And when to Heav'n his grand ascent we led,
Foretold his coming in like power again.

## XXV.

" Angels, when sounds the awful trump of God,
Shall bear the Saints aloft to meet their Lord,
Gather his Sons from ev'ry turf and clod,
And lead them shouting to their rich reward ;
Angels and men shall join in mutual song
Of praise and glory to the Sire of all,
And hail the Lamb, to whom the worlds belong,
Maker, Redeemer, of their earthly ball.

## XXVI.

" Both shall fall prostrate, bending at his feet,
" Glory to Him that sitteth on the throne,
And to the Lamb for ever, as is meet,"
Shall be the song of all ; but man alone
In all their countless ranks shall loud proclaim
" For us the Lamb did suffer and was slain !"
And casting down their crowns, the loud acclaim
Again shall rise, " The Lamb for us was slain !"

## XXVII.

"Nearer the throne, his Sons redeem'd shall bend,
Circling their first-born Brother Saviour round;
The guardian Angels next them, shall attend,
And on their harps ecstatic songs resound.
The spirit of the just and Angels pure
To Zion's hill together shall proceed;
And, of eternal love and bliss secure,
Unenvying on the tree of life shall feed!

## XXVIII.

"In pure and endless friendship they shall dwell,
And face shall face, and heart shall heart behold;
In grateful strains shall their past hist'ry tell,
How Angels kept them in the sacred fold.
Guardians on earth, co-residents in Heav'n,
Together shall they walk the climes of light,
Worship together with the *mystic Seven*,
Together soar in wisdom's loftiest flight.

## XXIX.

"They shall together range the starry spheres,
And Priests and Kings become to worlds unknown;
In acts of love shall spend their countless years
Of bliss, which shall eternally flow on."
This wondrous tale scarce from the Angel's tongue
Had fall'n in softest cadence on the ear
Of the sweet Maid enraptur'd, when a throng
Of myriad Angels, harping loud, drew near.

## XXX.

In choral symphonies their pæans rise
To Heav'ns sublimest arch, with solemn sound;
The voices of the multitude in praise
Maria's feeble mortal frame astound.
Sudden awak'd from the celestial dream,
She for her guardian Angel look'd around,
Still in the highest Heav'ns she fain would seem,
But finds herself still on terrestial ground.

## XXXI.

Forth from the consecrated spot she walks,
Surveys afresh the bright ethereal sky,
In secret fancy with her angel talks,
And lifts her heart with cheerful hope on high.
Wisely had Heav'n the favor'd vision sent,
Maria's mind to strengthen for the scene
Of fast approaching suffering, which was meant
Her fond affections from the world to wean.

## XXXII.

Ere long, the painful couch the maid receiv'd,
Her lovely frame was wasted by disease,
Patient through months of languishing, she griev'd,
Yet slowly bow'd to Heaven's all-wise decrees.
"Ah, might I," said she, "but my chamber leave!
And once again the verdure of the earth
With happy eye survey! still, still I cleave
With stedfast love to those who gave me birth.

## XXXIII.

" Surely my guardian Angel will suspend
The fatal dart, and still my bosom guard,
Surely my feeble years he will defend,
And prompt my soul to seek Heaven's vast reward.
Lord! let thine Angel whisper to my soul
Accents of love and peace from mercy's throne,
And when the swelling floods of death shall roll,
Let me not stem the fatal tide alone.

## XXXIV.

" Oh! may thy spirit raise my drooping head,
And waiting Angels cheer me with their smile,
Then shall I fear not the dark valley's shade,
But pass untroubled through its dim defile."
Recumbent in her prayer, she droop'd her head,
And gentle sleep stole o'er her fainting frame;
Then gracious Heav'n its holy influence shed,
And to her help her guardian Angel came.

## XXXV.

He whisper'd softly to her ravish'd ears,
While beaming love o'erspread his face with smiles,
" Maria! faithful found, dismiss thy fears,
A flattering sickness thy fond hope beguiles;
Anxious I've watch'd thy course of seventeen years,
And warded off the dangers as they rose,
Cheer'd thy young mind, and dried thy falling tears,
But these I cannot counteract like those.

## XXXVI.

"In seasons past my aid was ever near,
To break the fall which else had rock'd thy frame,
To meet the thrust of fell disease's spear,
And calm the raging fever's fiercest flame;
Two summers since the fell destroyer aim'd
His poignant arrow at thy tender breast;
Met by my timely spear its force was tam'd,
But yet it fell, and falling graz'd thy chest.

## XXXVII.

"There rankling an envenom'd wound it made,
Which seem'd to all an aperture revealing,
Thro' which thy spirit would escape:—it stay'd
By virtue of my charms—and inward healing.
Those charms were potent for awhile; they made
Thy frame impassive, till the term expir'd
Left thee expos'd again to droop and fade,
And lose the bloom my art for thee acquir'd.

## XXXVIII.

"But the hard task of humble acquiesence
Was meetly learn'd in that afflictive school;
Look back with careful grateful reminiscence
To the kind power which then becalm'd thy soul."
The Maid awoke from her disturb'd repose,
And trembled at the dubious mystic dream,
"Is this the gentle mode my Angel chose
To warn his charge," she said, "and cast a gleam—

## XXXIX.

" A gleam of light through the dark vale I tread,—
To shew to my awaken'd eye the road
Which leads me to the borders of the dead,
To point my faith to glory's bright abode?
I bless the warning voice, I feel it true,
This wasting frame attests the pois'nous dart;
My Maker! if my future days be few,
Receive my spirit when from clay I part."

## XL.

Still hop'd Maria that her Angel's wing
Might, interposed, avert the fatal spear,
That to her aid his buckler he would bring,
And with the dawn of hope her prospect cheer.
Her kind Physician promis'd quick return
Of bloom and strength to her declining form;
Her Parents warm affections round her burn—
A brilliant lamp amid the gathering storm.

## XLI.

To lose so sweet a daughter was a grief
Too vast for their fond love to apprehend;
They sought from glimmering hope a poor relief,
That Heav'n in time its healing balm would send;
But, ah! her guardian Angel whisper'd soft,
" Trust not the treach'rous promises of hope,
Raise thy dim eyes above this world aloft,
With brighter prospects let thy spirit cope."

## XXXVI.

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To break the fall which else had rock'd thy frame,
To meet the thrust of fell disease's spear,
And calm the raging fever's fiercest flame ;
Two summers since the fell destroyer aim'd
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XLV.

But sad mistrust distress'd her rising hope,
Her faith in this sad shipwreck could not grasp,
The atoning cross, nor bear her spirit up,
While nature hasten'd to her final gasp.
She sigh'd that clearer light might throw its ray.
And prayer might bring from Heaven a gracious smile,
She call'd for her dear Father far away,
To ease by prayer her final struggling toil.

XLVI.

The sacred prayer she join'd with humble hope,
Her Angel pour'd the cordial in her breast;
With faith her feeble hands were lifted up,
She said, "I go to my eternal rest!"
She humbly took the consecrated bread,
And drank the wine in memory of her Lord,
Who for her sins on Calvary had bled,
And purchas'd for her soul Heaven's blest reward.

XLVII.

Her guardian Angel shed Faith's holy light,
And chas'd away the mists of gloomy fear;
He cheer'd her with the bright'ning, blessed sight
Of smiling Angels and of glory near.
But ah! in ambush couch'd the Tempter here,
And watch'd his hour her Spirit to assail;
She saw the verge precipitous with fear,
And at the sight her heart began to fail.

## XLVIII.

He threw a cloud of gloom across her mind,
The blessed sight of gracious Heav'n to veil,
Like tempted Job, she with deep anguish pin'd,
As though the foe commissioned was to assail.
He whisper'd in her heart a murmuring thought,
Her Maker in his awful terrors shew'd,
Excluded her from those the Saviour bought,
And press'd her sore with guilt's oppressive load.

## XLIX.

But short the hour of Satan's fell designs,—
The cow'ring fiend her guardian Angel kenn'd,
His potent spear, which like the diamond shines,
The Demon touch'd and set his hair on end.
Then, then the Angel's terrifying glance
Which aw'd the Fiend was chang'd into a smile,
And though with Hell's own element his lance
Was lately arm'd to make the foe recoil;—

## L.

Yet now it glitter'd with reviving beams,
As round her brandish'd; far it scar'd away
The envying spirits, whose malignant gleams
Flitted like phantoms at the close of day.
Ready the Angel stood with outstretch'd wings,
His right hand firmly grasp'd the guardian spear,
His left around his lovely charge he flings,
And whipers—"Sister, stay no longer here."

[redacted]

LII.

[redacted]

LIII.

Her soul forth flutter'd in that peaceful breath,
And sank enraptur'd in her Angel's arms,
She triumph'd o'er the dart of gloomy death,
And shouted "Victory!" safe from all alarms
Now a like Angel with the blest above,
The Spirit that had tended her through life
She grateful recogniz'd—her Angel love,
Her faithful guardian in the world of strife!

## LIV.

" Welcome !" he said, " Maria, to the joy
Of souls redeem'd from Satan, death, and sin !
Welcome from battles, conflicts, pains, alloy,
To Heaven's eternal joy ; and enter in !—
There will I shew the various scenes on earth
Where my arms guarded, my suggestions led ;
Through all thy course, ev'n from thy helpless birth
Till the last struggle on thy dying bed."

## LV.

" And am I then for ever freed from clay ;
For ever rescued from the touch of sin ?
And shall I upwards soar to endless day ;
And now the everlasting song begin ?"—
" Hail ! Holy Father !" cried the rapturous Maid,
" Hail ! Saviour, Intercessor, Friend eternal !
Thy love and mercy have my portion made ;
Thy praise I'll sing in the pure realms supernal !"

## LVI.

My guardian Cherub ! Guide through gloomy earth,
Lead, lead me on to Sion's holy bowers,
Where I may drink of bliss the springing tide,
More pure and sweet than breath of vernal flowers :"
Swift at the word the Maid triumphant flew,
Borne on her Cherub's fragrance-dropping wings,
And darted far beyond all mortal view,
On to the heavenly Canaan's living springs !

## LVII.

With eager eye I follow'd her dear form;
For 'twas mine own beloved child I view'd:
My soul, though tossing in the wildest storm,
Caught glimpses of each scene the Angel shew'd;
"Parent!" the Angel said, "the Vision tell,
That Britons may the words of Heaven believe;
Ere long, in vision thou shalt go where dwell
The Saints, and see what heart cannot conceive!"

# L' ENVOI.

## I.

MY Muse the Vision waits of that blest scene,
The loves of Angels in the world celestial,
And with high raptures when she there has been,
Will tell of loves surpassing those terrestial.
" Can we suppose that love shall ever die ?
All other passions may, which cannot dwell
In Heav'n, for they are sin or vanity,
Nor can they find their objects ev'n in Hell.

## II.

But love from Heav'n descends, to Heav'n returns ;
On earth too oft deceiv'd, too oft oppress'd,—
The sacred flame in Heav'n for ever burns,
'Tis there a smiling and perpetual guest.
Here by its cares and sorrows it is tried,
Here by ten thousand troubles racks the breast ;—
There from its dross it rises purified,
And settles in a calm eternal rest.

## XXXIII.

" Surely my guardian Angel will suspend
The fatal dart, and still my bosom guard,
Surely my feeble years he will defend,
And prompt my soul to seek Heaven's vast reward.
Lord! let thine Angel whisper to my soul
Accents of love and peace from mercy's throne,
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## XXXVI.

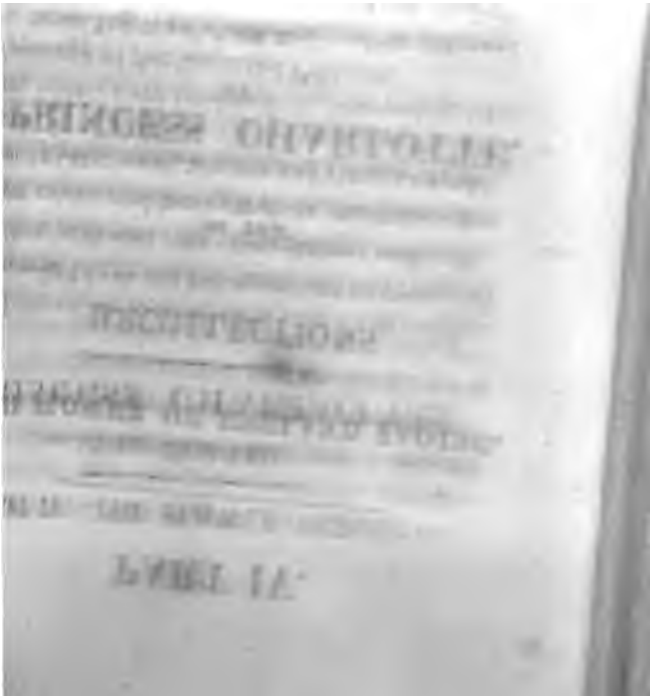
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## PART IV.—THE FLOWER FADING

### THE BELOVED

# PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

THE distressing bereavement which the nation experienced in the sudden death of the Princess Charlotte, affected my Daughters with the deepest grief; and we agreed to make an excursion to Claremont, as soon as Prince Leopold allowed the Public to view those places and scenes, which were rendered so interesting by the footsteps of the lamented Princess.

The following is an abridgment of the Narrative; the whole of which, dear Mary copied out with her own hand.

## CHAPTER I.

### *The Excursion to Claremont and the Palace.*

"Enchanting vale, beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung;
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil!
Oft' will her leisure thy retirement choose,
Still finding future subjects for the muse;
And to record the *Royal mutual flame*,
The place shall live in song, and CLAREMONT be the name."

Early in the month of October, we set forth on this projected excursion of melancholy pleasure. The sweet hour of prime had just opened the eyelids of the morning, and exhibited to us the face of Creation, fresh and gay. At this early hour, the principal streets of the Metropolis, through which we passed, were all calm and still; "the busy world was scarce awake, commerce had not quite shaken off her sound sleep, and riot had just reclined his giddy head;" but when the coach was conveying us along, parallel with Hyde Park, we began in reality to taste the "unrifled freshness of the air."

"Sweet was the breath of morn, her rising sweets,
With charm of earliest birds."

How much, said I, is lost by our Citizens, who lie locked in the arms of sleep, when a creation of beauties is bursting into view as the mist disperses. Reason and religion both invite them to walk forth beyond the suburbs, and enjoy the opening day, before the bustle and smoke of the City begin, and to send up the incense of praise, with the morning fragrance of dewy herbs and flowers.

"Who," said Mary, "would not turn his wondering eyes,—

And gaze awhile the ample sky?"

"The scene reminds me," said Sarah, "of Hervey's description:"—

"The birds start from their slumbers and pour forth their delighted souls in harmony; the flocks, with bleating accents, welcome the blessing; the vallies ring with rural music; the hills also echo back the artless song; all that is vocal joins in the general chorus; all that has breath unites in the cheering influence."

We had now arrived at Wimbledon Common, and the beautiful country stretching before us, extended our thoughts to those secluded retreats to which we were travelling, and in which the departed Princess learned to live useful, and to die resigned. How often, said I, has she passed these hills and dales, and what lofty thoughts often occupied her mind, as her eyes glanced on the objects we now behold. She grew up with the prospect of swaying the greatest nation in the world; but how soon were all her prospects cut off! Such is often the ideal nature of many of the fairy prospects which animate the eye of gaiety and youth!

At length the picturesque vale of Kingston presented itself, stretching before us in fertile meadows, green pastures, and shady groves, adorned with white villas, and bounded in the horizon by the interesting village of Esher, and the mournful groves of Claremont. There

once bloomed, I said, the hope of England, but it withered in a night! What is life but a flower, blooming in the morning, and withering 'ere it be yet noon! What exultation was diffused by her marriage through all this country! What a grief has her loss occasioned among all ranks and classes!

We now arrived at Claremont, and were admitted within the gate by the ticket we provided for the purpose. With many tender remarks and moral reflections, we ascended the winding pathway which led to the once happy mansion. How desolate, how widowed! The front was covered with scaffolding, and the workmen busy in repairing it; as if in the calamitous event, which had levelled its owner to the dust, it had been dismantled by the thunderbolt, and scathed by the lightnings of Heaven. The steps to the hall, once so gay with evergreens, and aromatic shrubs, were now unadorned with a single plant. Several servants, waiting in the hall, received us with a still solemnity, which indicated that the mournful catastrophe was yet fresh in their memories. There was a servant in each room to attend the visitors, and all conducted themselves with the same melancholy quietude, as though the re-

mains of their Royal Mistress still reposed in the mansion. We were first conducted into a beautiful small drawing room, on the right hand, which, we were informed, was the favourite apartment in which the Royal Pair generally spent their evenings. Full length Portraits of the Prince and Princess, as large as life, painted I believe by Chalon, attracted the fixed attention of every visitor. From the window we viewed the beauteous Eastern prospect, and it became endeared to us, by being the object on which the eyes of the Princess must so often have rested. In this apartment were the Piano and Harp of the Princess, which had served to enliven their retirement; now laid aside and covered up, their seeming uselessness proclaimed the mutability of human affairs, the transitoriness of human pleasures! As I looked round on the gay visitors, I was ready to say—Think ye fair ones, who delight in the pleasures of *music*, who take the tabret and the harp, and dance to the sound of the pipe, how soon these pleasures may with you come to an end. Turn not away unmindful of the early fate of your departed Princess; the harp alone in the very silence of its chords, seems to speak volumes, and to sadden the spirits with most impressive music!

How lately in the vigour of her youth and beauty, did her fingers fly gracefully over its yielding strings! They now rest cold and motionless in "the narrow house!" the solemn stillness of which will never be broken by any sound of melody, till the trumpet of the Archangel shall summon all its tenants to the Judgment of the Last Day.

There was, on the chimney piece, in this apartment, a beautiful *Ormolu*, or Golden Horroscope; ornamented with a finely executed design of a "Youth attempting in vain to crop the wings of Time." This, and the beautiful work-tables, cabinets, and tablets, of curious workmanship, and other memorials of her Royal Highness's taste and elegant habits, appeared much to interest the numerous visitors, and to awaken in their minds deep feelings of regret and admiration. We understood, that, previous to our visit the Public had been gratified with the sight of some beautiful specimens of music, elegantly copied out by the pen of her Royal Highness, and exquisitely ornamented with an appropriate drawing of her own, illustrative of the subject of the piece. We seated ourselves on a sofa, and looking round this beautiful apartment upon the scene of the purest and

most heart-felt pleasures of the amiable Princess, our feelings too excited by the tears of the numerous visitors; I said to my young companions, what affecting memorials are here of domestic felicity, and what a lesson do they teach us of the fragility of human happiness.

As departs the day,
All that was mortal seem'd to melt away;
Till like a gift resum'd as soon as giv'n,
She fades at last into a spirit in Heav'n.

*Rogers.*

From this romantic and delightful apartment we were introduced into the dining room, which is large, spacious, and nearly square; and here, we were informed, the happy family were accustomed to sit down at seven in the evening, and frequently as early as four in the afternoon, to their social repast; and, it may be presumed, with an appetite, excited by exercise in the garden or the park, where a portion of time was passed, in an attentive and condescending superintendance of the labourers. What a lesson does their example afford to many of the rich and noble, who look, perhaps, with no little scorn on such rural pleasures, and either pass their hours in splendid apartments, reclining on the luxurious couch, or confine themselves within close carriages, lest the freshening

but should their conduct be opposite to his, you will witness changes and troubles."

I silently prayed that his Royal Children, animated by his august example, may continue the same. Holy warfare against immorality and vice, distinguish all those who fear God, and follow righteousness, that the Nobles and the exalted, especially our illustrious females of rank and influence, may take up the great example of the Princess now she is removed, and lead the way to the House of God and retire from the public ordinances of religion to the bosom of their families; that God may still delight over us, to bless us, may extend our prosperity, and lengthen our tranquility, and continue to us Kings that shall be nursing fathers, and Queens that shall be nursing mothers to the church and to the nation, to the latest ages.

The next apartment to which we were conducted was the Library, an unusually long, spacious, and magnificent room, with five large windows, commanding a beautiful South view over a rich and picturesque country. The most pleasing part of our employment here, was to trace many a memorial of the literary pursuits and classic acquirements of her Royal

Highness. The best editions of the principal Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English Authors, were here judiciously arranged for a ready reference, and the appearance of most of them indicated not an unfrequent recurrence to their intellectual stores I could not but notice particularly an Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, which had no doubt come new into the hands of the Princess, and which bore evident marks of being often used, as if it had been the property of some diligent student, labouring for University honours, instead of the female expectant of the Throne of England. This fact, said I to Maria, speaks forcibly to those who spend their money in the purchase of books for display rather than utility, and content themselves with adorning their apartments instead of furnishing their minds.

At one end of the room was a full length Portrait of the Duchess of Brunswick, and in a distinguished place, a beautiful bust of the beloved Princess Charlotte. A full length Portrait of Prince Leopold, graced the Eastern end of the room, its only appropriate companion, the Portrait of the Princess, was yet in the hands of the painter, the frame was already there. At the Western end, Portraits of the

Royal Dukes, the Princesses, and of the principal Statesmen, and Public Characters of the day, adorned the walls, intermixed with specimens of sculpture, upon marble pedestals; busts of Poets, and Philosophers of ancient and modern times, surmounted the book-cases, and gave a farther indication of the classical acquirements of the Princess; See, said I to Jane, the bust of Sir Isaac Newton, over the compartment of Philosophy, you remember her eulogium on that great luminary of science. When visiting Salisbury Cathedral, her attention was attracted by the perfect condition of the Figures on the ancient monuments in that edifice. "It was a disgrace to the Nation," said she, "to mutilate the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, in Westminster Abbey; science never enlightened the mind of that man who could approach the tablet of that great Philosopher without reverence." In this interesting spot of her studious pursuits, I said, this intelligent and accomplished Princess, reminds me of Lady Jane Gray, when Roger Ascham, her tutor, found her in her chamber, reading Plato's Phœdo, in Greek, while the family were hunting in the park. And upon his expressing his surprise, she replied, "I wist all their sport in

the Park, but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato." Our beloved Princess indeed resembled Lady Jane Gray in her virtues, and alas, she was like her too in her early call from the exercise of them to their reward.

"Like her most gentle, most importunate,
Crown'd but to die, who in her chamber sate
Musing with Plato, tho' the horn was blown,
And every ear, and every heart was won,
And all in green array were chasing down the sun."

*Rogers.*

I noticed a Seneca among her classic authors, and thinking of the calamity which befel her, I could not but exclaim in words, on which it is possible her contemplative eye had also rested,

"Nemo tam dives habuit faventes,
Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri."

"Of heaven's protection who can be
So confident to utter this—
To-morrow I will spend in bliss."—*Lewis.*

As we sat at a beautiful library table, on which the illustrious deceased had so often rested her volume, we felt a painful sensation of regret in the reflection that the amiable personage who had been here sedulously forming herself to diffuse virtue, wisdom, and happiness, over a smiling land, should have been so suddenly called away! Woe unto us, not her! I cannot but

think said I, to Maria, of the expressions which it is said she utterd on her first arrival at Claremont. When ascending the steps in front of the noble mansion, she glanced over the picturesque prospect, and as she entered the building she exultingly exclaimed, "Thank heaven I am here at last." The feelings of her heart and her taste for the "Secura quies et otium cum dignitate," the calm and virtuous delights of a domestic and studious life, no doubt prompted the expression. Providence seemed to grant the amiable Princess for the last year of her short course a retirement peculiarly favorable to her preparation for a fairer Paradise above, whence she will go out no more. The trees, already wearing an autumnal hue, reminded me of the approach of the first anniversary of her death.

I carried my thoughts backward to that season when they were arrayed in all their lovely verdure, and administered to her innocent delight.

What a picture, said I, is this of our rising hopes at that season, and what a storm of wintery horror now beclouds the smiling scene!

"From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires but turns a wat'ry eye;
Then with an aguish look nips infant blooms,
Deprives th' unfolding Spring of rich perfumes."

The rose did bud, yet 'ere the day
Which should its roseat hue display
By heaven's command,
Death passed that way in rueful hour,
With icy hand;
For blooming youth and mental worth,
We drop the pitying tear on earth,
But look above
With eye of hope; for well we know
Death oft' removes the flowers to grow
In realms above.
Yes! there's a better world on high,
A garden planted in the sky,
For ever fair.
Still Charlotte on a throne may reign,
Thro' love divine, nor death nor pain
Can enter there.

Was this the room, I said to the attentive young woman who showed it us, where the Princess spent her mornings? "No," she replied, "it is an adjoining room, now locked up into which visitors are not admitted—His Royal Highness Prince Leopold spends the early part of the day in it". There, I suppose, said I, her bonnet and cloak continue to hang on the screen, and the watch, on the mantle-piece, as has been so frequently asserted in the Newspapers? "No," said she, "that is not true." She informed us also, that visitors were formerly admitted to the grand drawing room, but they

# CHAPTER II.

## CLAREMONT PARK.

"LIKE the Hesperian garden fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
Thrice happy vales, but who dwelt happy there?"—*Milton.*

"Meditation here
May think down hours to minutes, here the heart
May be a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his book."—*Shakespear.*

We now entered on the spacious lawn, on the East side of the mansion, and the cedars of Lebanon waved their vast branches over our heads; as we walked along, we looked back and beheld the closed window-shutters, which marked the apartment which witnessed the unsparing hand of Death! Winding thro' an evergreen shrubbery we ascended the eminence, called Claremont, from which the name of the domain is derived. This appears from the following inscription on its front:—

"And Claremont be its name, 1715."

At the summit of the Mount a Castle appears, over topping the lofty trees, which, covered with luxuriant ivy, encircle the Mount. We ascended to the first-floor, which consists of one long apartment, adorned with flower-stands, which

are placed along its centre and round its sides. The windows command an extensive prospect on all sides, over Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent. This, our guide told us, was Prince Leopold's favourite study, and he shewed us a bolt at the stair-case door, which the Prince had placed there to secure his retreat. No place could be better suited for the retired enjoyments of reading and contemplation.

Quitting the building, we were led down the smooth lawn, to seats pleasantly situated surrounded by geraniums. Here we sat and enjoyed the refreshing zephyrs, which came fragrant and soft from the groves and plants, and contemplated the beauteous prospect. An amiable party of the Friends, called Quakers, joined us, by taking an adjoining seat, and we enjoyed much pleasant conversation with them through the whole of our walk afterwards. They spoke highly of Prince Leopold, as a true Protestant, and the descendant of the great and good Frederick, the patron and defender of Luther. Another spoke with much sympathy of the Princess Charlotte, and admired her taste in chosing such a husband. A third commended them both, remarking, " they resisted the tide of useless fashion, and preferred the solid bless-

ings of a happy home to public splendour, and the luxury of diffusing benefits among their neighbours to the casual applause of a gay populace." "Yes," said a fourth, "they justly preferred the quiet pleasures of rural life, to the troublesome splendour of the court, and the rational amusements of the garden, the orchard, and field, to the toilsome vanities of the theatre and assembly".

We now passed along a vista of holly trees, whose verdant appearance, when the other trees where changing their hue, reminded Sarah of Wordsworth's description, which she repeated:

"And as when all the summer trees are seen,
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hue display
More bright than they;
But when the leaves and wint'ry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree.

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be,
As the green winter of the holly tree.

We now descended a slope, green as the emerald, and smoothe and soft as the scythe and roller could make it, through evergreens and branching trees, and then entered a narrow

path-way to the skittle-ground, which had been converted by the Prince into a hermitage and rosary; a little further we reached the Princesses conservatory, which was nearly finished. Proceeding a little distance to the edge of a lofty precipice, we came to a gothic temple, not yet finished, began by the Princess, on the spot near her favourite "woodland bower," where she often used to rest in her excursions and partake of a collation, brought thither for the purpose. It overlooks a deep lake with an island, and Goody Bewly's cottage on the margin, and commands an extensive view of the country, and is therefore peculiarly fitted for retirement and contemplation, for which, doubtless, the Princess was erecting it. We now descended along a shady path-way till we emerged on the margin of this beautiful lake, and reached the pretty picturesque cottage inhabited by "Goody Bewly," for so she said, "my dear Princess used to call me." Let me see, said I, the BIBLE, which the excellent Princess gave you, in a manner so amiable and condescending. "Aye," she said, "here it is, I would sooner lose my right arm than part with a leaf of it; I keep it in a cover for daily use, for many admire the outside of the Bible who

seldom look within it." Was this the Bible, said I, observing another in a very homely condition, which she saw you reading, and which occasioned her kind consideration for you? "Yes," said she, "I could scarcely read a verse of it, my eyes were become so dim, and my dear Princess said, 'Goody,' I will give you a new one.'" And did she write your name in it, as has been said? "Oh, no," replied Mrs. Bewly, "she did not appear to wish to do any thing to be seen or talked of; she made no parade of her intention to bring it me; but I shall never forget that night when she brought it. It was a stormy, raining evening, in November, and dark. She came herself on foot, and my honoured Prince held an umbrella over her head. She opened the door to my surprise, and said, 'Well, Goody, I have come as I promised, and the man behind has brought you the Bible, for I did not wish you to pass another night without having a Bible that you could read.' Oh! my dear Princess! she was a Parent to me, the best Friend that ever I had! Do not think the Bible was the only thing she gave me; no, she built this house for me. When the Princess first came to Claremont it contained only that room (pointing to a small

inner apartment) and her Royal Highness had all this added to it; (a much larger room, the one in which we were conversing, with verandah, and other useful as well as ornamental appendages.) "Indeed", continued Goody, "she never came down to the lake without enquiring how I was; many a favour has she shewn me; she has come here at all hours with my honoured Prince. Before the park was enclosed the lake was often robbed of fish, by poachers; I told the Princess, that I often went out to them myself to desire them to leave the place. My Princess, who perhaps might think I boasted, when I was little able to encounter any alarm, determined one night on a little device *to try my spirit.* Late one evening there was a rap at the door, I called out, 'who's there?' Not a word was spoken, but another rap was given; at this I opened the door, when I thought I should have dropped—there was the Prince, Princess, and an attendant! 'My honoured Prince and Princess, I said, is it you? Pray forgive our rudeness.' They heartily laughed at my surprise, and admired *my spirit* at opening the door at so late an hour." Well, Goody, said I, these were happy days, what a shock the sad news of her death must have been to you!

"You say too true, indeed, Sir; it was such a blow that I have felt it here (putting her hand on her heart) ever since, and shall never get the better of it as long as I live." Well, Goody, said I, I hope you will read the Divine Book she gave you. It will afford you much present consolation and enjoyment, and will teach you how to prepare for a meeting with the good and pious of every rank and station in heaven. "I do read it daily," said she, with much emphasis; "and I read this Book of Prayers also, daily, for my Princess said, it was so good a book, that I should find myself right at last if I kept to them." In truth, said I, your Royal Mistress could not have spoken too highly of them, for they are next to the Bible; they are selected from our excellent Church Liturgy, and are arranged under proper heads, for use on particular occasions. May you obtain grace and comfort Mrs. B. from using these prayers, and may the Bible, which the amiable Princess gave you, under such interesting circumstances, guide you in peace and safety to that blessed world, whither, we trust, your kind Benefactress is gone, and to which the humble and the exalted will be equally welcomed if faithful servants of God.

Having inspected the cottage of old honest Bewly, and the pretty veranda and other ornamental additions made by the Princess, and received the hearty valedictions of the venerable inhabitant, we passed on. The beautiful scenery became more enchanting by these associations; we paused to enjoy it. As I stood under the shady limes on the smooth lawn edging the lake, and contemplated its deep glassy surface and the high rocks which bounded it, and viewed the gothic temple crowning the precipice, and the turrets of the castle upon the mount peeping thro' the majestic groves—the picture drawn by Lord Byron's pencil in *Childe Harold*, was embodied before me:—

"The chrystal lake, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth and gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been."

I thought that here that Poetic Peer who fled mankind to avoid

"The wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
With a contentious world,"

and sought wisdom "in the world of material nature," might have found the same solacements as when he lingered on the banks of the majestic Rhine.

There raptured gaz'd upon a work divine,
A blending of all beauties, streams and dells,
Fruits, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine.

Surely methought he would have said,—

Lake Claremont woos me with its chrystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view,
The stillness of their aspect in each trace,
Its clear depth yields of their fair height and hue.

He need not here have added,—

" There is too much of man here to look through
With a fit mind, the might which I behold."

We walked forward to the East of the lake, to the rocks, and here was a picturesque hermitage, constructed on its margin, built and ornamented with flints and shells. It presented a pleasing spectacle, but the affectionate interest of the numerous visitors had been rudely indicated, in the plunder of the shells, as valuable memorials of the dear departed Princess; it was now therefore encircled with a slight fence, which precluded us the pleasure of entering it. The stately swans gracefully moving on the lake added a plaintive interest to the scene, and we often turned to view them as we passed forward under the shady oaks, along the meandering

gravel walk amid a lawn, now narrowing and then expanding to the mansion. The Princess took great delight in driving along these varied alley-greens and bowers, in company with her beloved consort. In these scenes, so favourable to purity and peace, and occupied with the garden and fowl-yard, and with visits to the cottagers, who inhabited the park, and to the School she had established.

The Princess was absorb'd, and this was life,
Is it not better thus our lives to wear
Than join the crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear?

The following came to my memory as the true, and not too glowing picture of this delightful scene, associated as it was with the idea of the beloved footsteps which had so often been there imprinted. The lines are from the Princess's favourite Poet.—GARTH.

"By *Claremont's lake* there is a scene of peace,
A holy calm, that seems serene to brood
Like halcyon on the waters;
Like the lonely *Spirit* of the solitude
Plays o'er the stream that curls in gentlest mood
Glass'd in the tide, each varying image glows
Rock, turret, spire, wild mountain, waving wood,
Wreath'd in all shapes, now lull'd in sweet repose,
Conflicting, blending, mingling, now like mimic foes.

TEMPE of England, what tho' classic Greece
Can boast her vale of beauties, thine may vie
And proudly vie with all she tells of peace
And loveliness. Here the enamour'd eye
May gaze on nature in her every dye,
Magnificent or fair, rock ridg'd on rock,
Wood crowning wood, and here the careless *mole*,
Now lounging, listless like a murmuring brook,
Now hurrying, foaming as beneath some sudden shock."

These beauteous scenes were rendered peculiarly interesting, by reflecting on those who preferred to lead a life of tranquility and moderation in these groves. Methought—

'Twas round this plat, with Autumn leaves o'er strewn,
Lock'd in each other's arms at evening tide,
Th' enamour'd couple took their walks alone,
In all affection's fascinating pride;
No wish withheld, no aim ungratified
That virtuous love and innocence supplies,—
Each with the other pleased and satisfied,
Anticipating all those elegant desires,
Which harmony can prompt and heaven itself admires.
Ask ye if *Fashion* lur'd them to her fane,
From the enchantments of their fav'rite seat?
Truth answers—"No!" her visionary reign
Charm'd not their spirits by its bland deceit;
They saw its folly and they loath'd the cheat;

And bless'd with all that virtue could supply,
Preferr'd their *Claremont's* dignified retreat
To evanescent show, that feeds the eye,
To warp the reasoning mind and check its constancy.
No! they were far superior to the show
Of fashions minions, splended tho' they be,
Whose rounds of pleasure only end in woe,
Death-bed afflictions and despondency.
They were not lur'd by such hypocrisy,
And had it pleas'd the Almighty to have spar'd
Our darling HOPE from this calamity,
Her great and noble spirit would have dar'd
To walk for aye with God, for his high Heav'n prepar'd.

Contemplating these groves which were once the scene of enjoyment to their late illustrious Proprietor, I exclaimed,

God made the country and man made the town.

What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves.

It is not improbable, I said, that the lesson learned by the late Princess Amelia, in sickness, might have furnished an example to the Princess Charlotte, of which she happily profited in the days of youth and health. This amiable

Princess wrote the following lines in her last illness, which terminated in her dissolution, November 2, 1810.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laugh'd and danc'd, and talk'd and sung,
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow care nor pain,
Concluding in those hours of glee
That all the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more;
It then occurred how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me."

We now passed an alley-green, enlivened with ever verdant shrubs, thro' an extensive lawn to the mansion. Here the majestic cedars of Lebanon stood as in a funeral procession, sweeping the lawn with their vast sombre branches, as if waving a lament to the fatal room, with closed windows, where the late Princess had given her hand to her beloved Consort, and in which he had caught the last gaze of her affectionate eye ere it closed itself for ever on mortal objects.

" There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou did'st cease to live,
And saw around in the wide field revive,
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Bring forth her works of gladness to survive;
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to HER she could not bring."

We passed again to the Southern front, and ascended a flight of circular steps, to a broad terrace, which formed the principal entrance into the Library, by a glass-door. How delightful, I observed, must have been the Library, opening into this fine elevated terrace, filled with evergreens and aromatic plants, forming an ever verdant and flowery basement. "The Princess," said the servant, "was accustomed to pass her summer evenings under an awning, extended over this terrace, with his Royal Highness, with a book in her hand." And, doubtless, I added, she enjoyed more real delight in this refined and tranquil amusement with her beloved Consort, than the splendid pleasure of the ball-room or opera-house could ever bestow.

I looked around and thought of the past, and

observed, Here then we stand on the spot, which was the scene of the purest enjoyments of the Heiress of the British throne; "whose memory fills the thought of all the day." Here we could lately have addressed her as the most favoured mortal.

What an illustration was here witnessed of the domestic felicity, so beautifully described by her favourite Poet!

"O speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss.
All various nature pressing on the heart
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue and approving heaven."

"Surely," said Mary, "the Poet's predictio was here verified:

"Here shall a Princess in our cause engage,
And by example shame the graceless age;
Her brave contempt of state shall teach the pro
None but the virtuous are of noble blood.
Here shall She her refin'd retirement choose,
The glorious subject of some future muse;
And to record the lovely transient flame
The place shall live in song, and *Claremont* be t
name."

Descending the steps, and walking round the lawn, Sarah took the liberty of cropping a small twig from the branch of a cedar tree, and I long preserved it over my chimney-piece, as an ever verdant memorial of the Princess, whose portrait I suspended above it.

Quitting the lawn we now walked down to the garden-house, and passing under a pretty portico, entered the flower-garden; the scene of purest pleasure to the Princess, who often resorted thither.

# CHAPTER III.

## FLOWER AND KITCHEN-GARDENS.

"GOD 'ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next."—*Cowper.*

THE Princess took great delight in her garden, she often breakfasted in the garden-house, and spent much of her leisure time in this sequestered spot amid the breathing sweets of flowers, which her own hands had planted;

Where nature paints her colours, and the bee
Sits in the bloom attracting liquid sweets.

This, said I, has been termed the banqueting house of nature; here luxury itself is innocence, and indulgence incapable of excess. Here, therefore, the Princess came to enjoy pleasures which never pall upon the appetite but elevate the soul while they regale the senses; and here she found

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy.

We walked up a broad smooth gravel walk, adorned on each side with beds of flowers, tastefully laid out, and fringed with flowery borders. "How fragrant the atmosphere," said Mary, "from these sweetly scented flowers! How pleasing to the eye these lovely hues!

What a gloss shines upon some, what a ruby glows in others—there glitters the sapphire of sky-blue—there fades the green into the yellow. No painting can equal these colours—and how fine the texture of the leaf which incloses such treasures!" "You remind me of Harvey," said Sarah, "some of whose expressions you have used." I will add a quotation:—

"How admirable is the simplicity of the CAUSE by which all this beauty is painted off! One single principle gives birth to all these pleasing colours. The moisture of the earth and the circumambient air passed through proper streams and disposed in a range of pellucid tubes, this performs all the wonders! this blushes in the early hypatica and flames in the late advancing poppy, this reddens in the veins of the mulberry and attenuates into leafy gold to create a covering for the quince, this breathes in all the fragrant gales of the garden! So wonderful is our Creator in counsel, so excellent in working!"

We now remarked the orderly disposition of the beds and the exquisite richness of the colours in the flowers that adorned them. "Yes" said Sarah,

"Who can paint like nature, can imagination boast
Amid his gay creation, hues like these?
And can he raise them with such matchless skill,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And lose them in each other as appears
In every bud that blows?"

Cowley, I said, beautifully styles these lovely flowers that spring up beneath our feet, "the stars of the earth;" a common daisy out-vies in elegance all the splendour which wealth can purchase, and the lily of the field, as our Saviour has told us, possesses an array superior to Solomon in all his glory.

"Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin nor care to toil;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our mean attire and impotence of pride."—*Prior.*

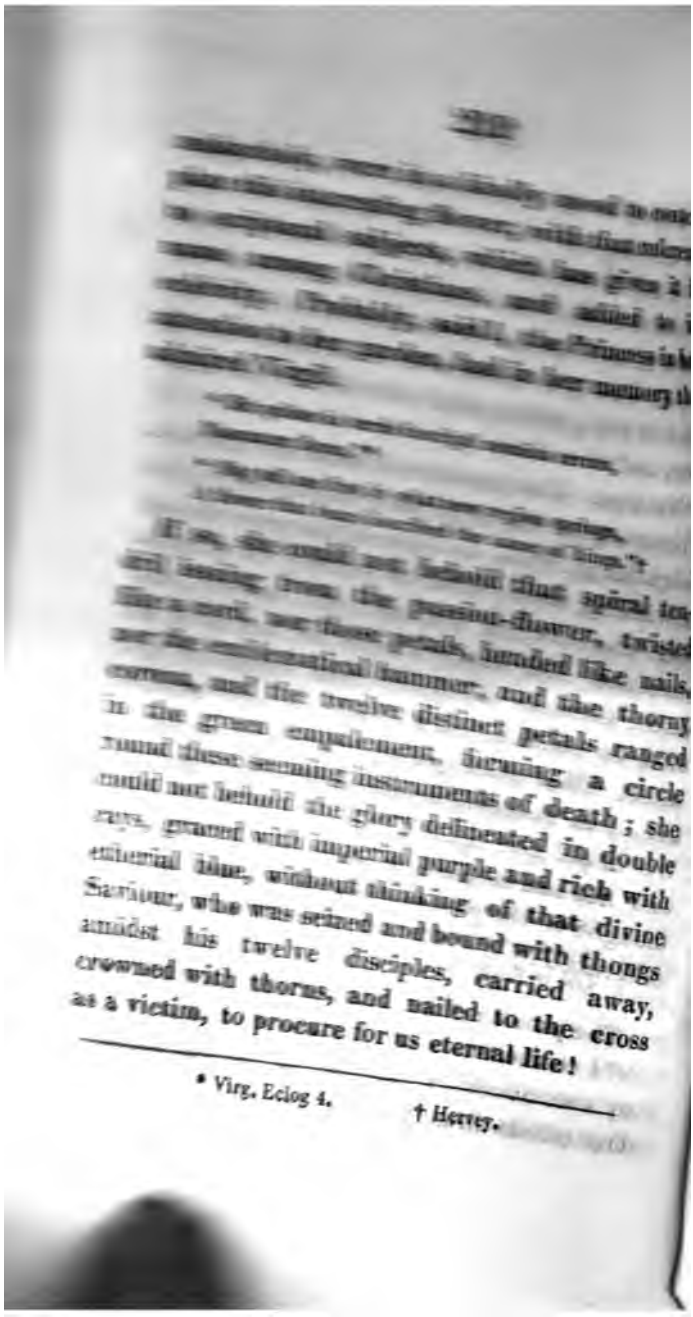
"How much to be admired," said Mary, "was the taste of the late Princess, who preferred the unequalled beauties and curious works of nature to the pompous exhibitions of art and the unsatisfactory decorations and parade of courtly splendour!" How effectually, I said, may her example recommend to the young and gay of every rank, to be less ambitious of jewels and costly apparel, and to seek rather to be "all glorious within," to have "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." "Yes," said Sarah, "then," to quote my admired Hervey, "they will be more admirable than yonder tulip—more regular and consistent than the symatries of that anemone—more lovely than the foliage

and enamel of that ranunculus ; they will possess excellencies which God himself will approve, and which will perpetually diffuse around them a pleasing influence, like the gilly-flower, which attends us in all the vicissitudes of the season, which is rather an inhabitant than a guest in the garden, and adds fidelity to complacence."

We were now introduced into the kitchen-garden, where the fruits hung in rich luxuriance on the trees. Here we entered the green-house, stored with many valuable plants ; we particularly admired the plantain, the cerœpha, and the edelia, displaying a luxuriant foliage of the most brilliant verdure. The expansive and verdant leaves of the fig-tree and other Eastern plants, reminds me, said I, of the West Indian scene, so beautifully described by GRANGER :—

" The capt mountain, whose high rocky verge,
The wild fig canopies, whose shaggy sides,
Trees shade of endless green, enormous size,
Wondrous in shape, to botany unknown ;
Old as the deluge."

The *passion-flower* climbed with its spiral tendrils to the top of the hot-house, and presented to our admiring view its full-blown beauties. Our minds already depressed with sympathetic



* Virg. Eclog 4. † Hervey.

Entering the hot-house we admired the orange trees, whose branches were here bending with fruit, and there adorned with blossoms on the same tree. The finest grapes hung in tempting clusters, and the numerous species of fig-trees attracted our particular attention. The Princess, we were told, was partial to the fruit of the fig-tree, and therefore gave much attention to its cultivation. The gardener informed us that the Princess spent much of her leisure time in these delightful gardens, that few days passed without her visiting them, that she would often stay for hours encouraging the labourers, and on some occasions she had remained in the open air during showers of rain, copious enough to send them to shelter. We walked to another hot-house, filled principally with the favourite fig tree, and returned again by the flower-garden. We could not refrain from again entering to cast around a parting look, and recurred in thought to the pure and exquisite pleasures here cultivated by the late illustrious Possessor,

To the heart inspiring,
Vernal delight and joy.

"I cannot wonder," said Sarah, to use Hervey's words,—"That Kings descend from their thrones to walk amidst blooming ivory and

gold, or retire from the most sumptuous feast to be recreated with the more refined sweets of the garden. I cannot wonder that Queens forego for awhile the compliments of a nation to receive the tribute of the parterre, or withdraw from all the glitter of a crown, to be attended with the more splendid equipage of a bed of flowers."

# CHAPTER IV.

## STABLE, POULTRY, AND DAIRY.

### FAREWELL TO CLAREMONT.

"Out of these solitudes
There is much matter to be heard and learnt."

*Shakespear.*

We proceeded from the kitchen-garden, to the stables and coach-house. Here our feelings were again awakened as we were invited to survey the travelling carriage which the Princess used during her minority, the green neat carriage, which she had constantly used since her marriage, the state carriage, the phaeton, in which she drove her four favourite ponies, and the pretty garden-chair, drawn by her own little poney, in which she accompanied the Prince in his walks about the Park. Nor did we refuse our admiration of the horses, which had conveyed their kind and tender Mistress.

One more scene of her daily visits demanded our notice, the poultry-yard, adjoining the farm-yard. We were much pleased with the neat attire and engaging manners of the female

superintendant who resided at the dairy-house. She spoke in terms of the highest affection and respect of her late royal Mistress, whose loss she deplored most deeply. She took us to see every part of the building, and pointed out with feeling interest, the various accommodations for the poultry, with which the building was fitted up, under the direction of the Princess. She conducted us to the dairy, where we admired the cleanliness of the floor and the utensils, and the earthen vessels, filled with rich milk and cream, and handled the churn which had daily prepared the butter for the Princess, at her first morning's repast.

As we left this last trace of the footsteps of the Princess, we could not but pause near it and look round on the park we had traversed, and recall the images which had presented themselves to us in our walk thro' the gardens and groves. The contemplation of the gardens and the park, with its grazing herds, so reminded us of the felicity once here enjoyed, that we dwelt upon the view as the sight of an Arcadia, where we fancied we saw this matchless pair

—"Fleet the time carelessly
As they did in the golden world."

The very air of the place seemed to breathe a

spirit of affection and to touch the heart with moral sentiment. It was the scene where Leopold and Charlotte appeared before the mind in every walk, in every place we visited :

" And this their life exempt from public haunts,
Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

As we looked around we said

" Out of these solitudes
There is much matter to be heard and learnt."

We cast, as visitants are wont to do, many a lingering look behind as we were leaving the park, nor did we hastily chase away our reflections on the scenes we had passed. Autumn had already begun to tinge the trees with a fading brown, and to announce with the approaching decline of the year, the return of that season in which the Princess was called away from scenes so charming, like an Autumnal violet swept off by the blast.

" Tho' Autumn had just stript the thorn of its pride,
And had sprinkled bright leaves of gold on the ground,
A lovely lone violet bloom d by its side,
Still shedding its widely sweet fragrance around.

No breath was more sweet from the hyacinth's bloom,
Nor myrtle, nor rose, just refresh'd by a shower;
Nor Seville's sweet groves, with the orange perfume,
Nor the bosom of Hora just deck'd from the bower.

Delighted, I gaz'd, as I heard the birds sing,
And fancy had kindled new charms thro' the scene,
She tinted the skies with the glow of the Spring,
And threw over nature her mantle of green.

But the bright dream soon vanish'd—I saw the sweet flower
Unshaded—unsheltered—exposed to the storm;
The wild blast swept by in a treacherous hour,
And blasted my hopes with the flowret's sweet form.

'Tis thus in our *Autumn of glory*, has perish'd
The hope which has beam'd on our *Isle* bright as May;
When we saw the *Queen-flowret* we fondly had cherish'd,
Pass thus with the *bud of its promise* away."

*Gwillaim's Cypress Wreath for the Princess Charlotte.*

And such, we exclaimed, as we left these lovely scenes, was once the earthly paradise of this royal pair! How quickly may the most beauteous fields be overcast with clouds of sorrow, and the most fertile gardens turned into desolation by the hand of sickness and death! But, my children, I said, the Lord's voice speaks in this event; the *example of the Princess* may be intended to convince whole nations that dignity

levation, high virtue, and towering bliss, nable to secure the possessor from the »ling hand of calamity, and the dart of a!

How chang'd since deck'd in gems and plume,
The gayest of the gay;
She mov'd a thing beyond the tomb,
Her smile a nation's holiday.

That form the light of every eye,
Is now the eye's disgust;
That brow the home of majesty,
An heap of lifeless dust.

Alas! how late the courtly crowd,
The lovely and the brave,
Before her nearer fancy bow'd,
Behold her now! her ROBE her *shroud!*
Her PALACE-HALL—the *grave.*"—*Phillips.*

But, let the HONORS PAID TO THE MEMORY of the illustrious DECEASED, and the general admiration expressed of her virtues and conduct, impress upon the youth of Britain, that virtue and piety, will not fail to make them beloved by the worthy part of society, and respected by the unworthy,—to conduct them to lasting renown —to afford them a sustaining cordial in the da of calamity and the hour of dissolution,—and t render their memory blessed.

"I shall enter on no future scene of felicity," said Mary, "nor will my lines fall on any goodly places, where I shall not fancy I hear the monitory voice,

"Arise—depart—for this is not your rest!"

"Some farewell lines come to my mind," said Sarah, "now we are quitting these interesting scenes."

Farewell! O Claremont! and fair Esher's groves;
Dear sacred haunts! So late *their* home of sweets;
Eden is lost, and fled the peaceful loves,
That stray'd delighted thro' your loved retreats.
No more thy shades, streams; woods, or blossom'd vale,
Shall waft Æolian music on the ear,
But vibrate and resound the minstrel's tale,
And joy alas! desert the blooming year.

We now repassed the Lodge, and the last trace we beheld of the benevolent character of the Princess, was most affecting and delightful; it was a school, full of children, raised and supported by the Princess. An old woman conducted it; she told us her tale in a few words. "When Claremont was offered for sale I lived at the Lodge, I began a weekly school, but, when I heard the Prince had purchased it, I expected to be removed, out of the way of these royal personages; but, in the Princess, I found my *best Friend;* she desired me to keep it on, and she would support me: and she did support the

school as long as she lived She often came to the school herself, heard the children read, and asked them questions." Well did my friend Mr. Marsh observe, said I, in his funeral sermon, "A pattern of education, she was herself a teacher; let the example be followed till there be no uneducated child within the land." "It was not long before her death," the schoolmistress observed, "that she gave a bible to an old labourer, in her garden. She asked him if he could read, and he said, 'yes madam;' for so the Princess taught us to address her. "Have you a bible?' she said. 'No,' he replied; she immediately hastened to the house and fetched him one; in which she had written with her own hand,—'From your Friend Charlotte!' 'Read this blessed book,' she said, 'and remember Charlotte!'" Let the example, said I, be followed by the nobility and the gentry, and especially by the young, that there may not be a person left in the land without a bible, and a bible that can be read when the eyes grow dim, and the hand shakes with palsied age.

I could not help observing as we left the school, May these young ones, whom the Princess collected to instruct, and fostered in their affliction be trained up in the nurture and admo-

nition of the Lord, and be taught to keep themselves unspotted from the world.

In this visit it struck my mind, that there is one truth that this scene could not fail to impress on the gay and dissipated youth of Britain. If they would but visit it, and collect the memorials of true happiness here enjoyed by this wedded pair, they would feel convinced that the connubial state is far more calculated to impart real felicity, than a roaming libertine life.

The Syren's song thus echoes thro' the streets of London:

"Come hither, come hither, by night or by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on:
And the love that is o'er in expiring gives birth,
To a new one as warm and unequalled in bliss;
And, oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this it is this."

But virtue herself seems to walk in the sacred retreats of Claremont, and the spirit of the Princess seems to sing to all the youths of Britain, throughout its groves, its mansion, its hills and dales,

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie;
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion, so sacred, is worth
Whole ages of artless and wandering bliss:
And, oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!"—*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Let the votary of fashion and pleasure view the pew in Esher Church, so consecrated by the presence of this exemplary pair, and listen to the hymns, selected by the pious discrimination of the Princess; fancy will recall the Royal Couple, bending their knees together in prayer, or standing to sing the high praises of God in the great congregation. Let him place besides this picture the profanation of the Sabbath, by the worldly and the dissipated; the neglect or violation of the marriage vow by the licentious; and surely he must adopt as his sentiment, the beautiful paraphrase on the "Dum vivimus vivamus," of HORACE; made by the celebrated Dr. DODDRIDGE, and so highly commended by Dr. JOHNSON:—

"Live while you live! the Epicure will say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day!
Live while you live! the sacred Preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord! in my view let each united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to thee."

Addressing my children, I said, The Princess sought happiness in the ways of religion, and there she found it. She arranged her plans for each day, and reviewed the occurrences of each day at its close. Her example speaks to all the British youth, the admonition of Pythagoras, so beautifully rendered by Rowe:—

"Let not the stealing God of sleep surprise,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
'Ere ev'ry action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With rev'rence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand;
Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
Where have I fail'd, in what I ought to do—
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
Inquire, review, whate'er from first to last
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom has past
If evil, were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn;
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret-self with pleasure say
Rejoice my heart! for all went well to day."

"I have been informed," said Mary, "the Princess, felt the value of time, and so every opportunity of improving it. She day was moved by some occurrence relate her, to express her pity for those who w time, and emphatically added, 'Little do

think of the time when the riches of the Indies could not purchase an hour!' "

She was early accustomed, I said, by the excellent Prelate, who superintended her education, to devotion, retirement, the perusal of the Scriptures, and the wisest and best Authors; and she thanked Miss H. Moore, for having put Watts's Hymns for children into her hand which she ever read with much pleasure.

We now passed by Esher Church. Here, I said, was the Princess seen with her Consort generally twice a-day. At the desire of the Prince, she introduced into the congregation a selection of German Psalms and Hymns, made under her direction; these evinced the devotional feelings of her heart. "Yes," said Mary, "and, I have been told that she marked the following as her favourite Hymn:—

Holy Ghost inspire our praises,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
While we chaunt the name of Jesus
Deign on ev'ry heart to move.
Dove of sweetest consolation
Breathe thy peace on all below,
Bless, O bless this congregation,
Bid our hearts with rapture glow

Come with heavenly inspiration,
Jesus in our souls reveal;
Manifest his great salvation,
As thy own our spirits seal.
Light divine in darkness shining,
Deign the light of truth to give;
Every grace and joy combining,
Let us to thy glory live.

Hail ye spirits bright and glorious,
High exalted round the throne!
Now with you we join in chorus,
And your Lord we call our own.
God for us his son hath given,
Saints your noblest anthems raise;
All on earth and all in heav'n,
Shout the great Jehovah's praise.

The Princess, said I, highly reverenced and prized the Sabbath; she appeared to consider it a day holy to the Lord; and honoured it as such. On this sacred day she was regularly to be seen at the Village Church of Esher, and there at the Lord's table she was a constant attendant. On the Sunday evening, the family were summoned together, and Prince Leopold himself read a sermon and prayers to them—Like her Royal Grandfather, during Divine Service, she

uttered all the responses audibly. The solemnity of her manner, on all occasions of devotion, proved that her's was not a religion "of eye-service to please men," but a religion of the heart, by which she devoutly sought the favour of God. "The last Sabbath but one, preceding her lamented death," said Sarah, "she dined with her Royal Consort and a single guest, attended by only one servant. On this happy occasion of peaceful domestic enjoyment, she remarked, 'What a quiet and delightful Sabbath we have passed, and gone twice to Church!'" The last Sunday she passed on earth she attended public Worship in Esher Church. "May the example be followed by all, said I, and may they become like her strict observers of the Lord's Day, and seek their happiness in domestic duties and religious habits. "It is pleasing," said Mary, "to recur to such evidences of the piety of the lamented Princess." Yes, I said and considering her early and sudden dissolution, the following anecdote, respecting her serious meditation on her final hour, is very affecting. "The Rev. Mr. Wilcox, a Clergyman of the Established Church, waited upon the Princess to solicit her patronage of a charitable Institution. The subject being introduced, led to much

interesting conversation on the great truths of religion. The Princess became so interested in the momentuous theme, that she put the following important enquiry. 'Pray, Mr. Wilcox, can you inform me the best way to ensure my dying happily? I have frequently made the same enquiry of others, but I put the same question to you also, because I wish to obtain the best and safest directions on a point so infinitely important.' Mr. Wilcox said, 'The sure and only way is, to go with faith to the great Redeemer and seek forgiveness of sin and acceptance with God through his merits, and to endeavour to prove your sense of obligation to Him by keeping his commandments. Thus, your Royal Highness will at length arrive at a good hope through grace, of final salvation thro' your Saviour.' 'I thank you Mr. Wilcox,' replied the Princess, for your frank, full, and satisfactory reply. 'Will your Royal Highness,' he added, 'permit me to make an enquiry in return, viz.:—What has induced your Royal Highness to make this enquiry?' 'I have been thinking,' she said, 'of a conversation I had with my Grandfather, immediately after the death of the Princess Amelia; when he impressed upon my mind the importance of

a good hope in death, and the necessity of preparing for it, and urged me to think of it with such earnestness, that I have never forgotten it; and I hope it has had the happiest effects on my heart.' These effects were indeed shewn in a life adorned with every virtue, and in a death of patient suffering, and resignation to the will of God.

I cannot better close this Narrative than by quoting Mrs. HANNAH MORE's picture of this beloved Princess, which forms the close of her 5th Edition of "The Hints on the Education of a Young Princess;"—a work which the Princess read over with the Bishop of Salisbury, before her marriage. "If the visitation was sent to us for correction, it was doubtless sent to *her*, whom we lament, in mercy. She has, we trust, obtained the prize without running the race. She has escaped the care and perils inseparable from an earthly crown, and she has, we humbly hope, thro' Him who loved her and gave himself for her, obtained an imperishable crown, whose glories fade not away. She had lived long enough to taste as much happiness as this world, in its best forms and its highest condition, has to bestow. Youth, beauty, talent, royalty, all conspired to make her singularly

distinguished; but this combination, which made her life great, availed not to make it lasting. She had for a time the trial of the highest human prosperity, and she stood it. When all the world was at her command, domestic life was her choice, when dissipation courted her she resisted it. She was superior to all the pleasures, falsely so called, which invited her. She found her pleasure where she found her duty—in the practise of domestic virtues—in the enjoyment of domestic happiness—in the reciprocation of conjugal tenderness, These pure delights more than made up to her all that she had voluntarily sacrificed to them.

The warmth, affection, and frankness of her disposition were admirable; and it is not wonderful that these indications of a character purely English, should so powerfully attract the affections of the country to its Princess. Her naturally fine understanding, and the care that had been taken in its cultivation, by the Right Reverend Prelate who superintended her education, gave every expectation that her public worth would not have been inferior to her private virtues.

Her conduct illustrated this important truth, that the most fair and simple methods of ac-

quiring true popularity, are the most successful means of obtaining it. It was gained without being sought.

Her *life*, furnished an illustrious example to youth, rank, and dignity, of the right use to be made of such advantages; her *death*—of the short time that may be granted for their possession.

Regular in the discharge of her religious duties, exemplary in her charities, personally kind and condescending to all about her, she shewed how many excellencies may be comprised in a short space, while they serve to augment the regret that it was not longer."

*THE END.*

DODD, PRINTER, WOBURN.

# A DREAM,

## OR, VISION OF INSTRUCTION.

---

**IN my sacred place of the mind,**
**My heaven, and there my God I find.**

---

IN the stilly night watches a vision appear'd,
'Twas more than a dream! before me there lay
The groves and the lakes, and the mountains that rear'd
Their tops to the clouds, thro' which the sun's ray
Strain'd with beauty and life upon corn-field and flower,
And the air breath'd a fragrance from bower to bower.

But the zephyr was still'd, the seas became glass,
The birds ceas'd to carol, and silence prevail'd,
Yet the fields wax'd more lovely, more emerald the grass,
When a Presence of glory, majestic I hail'd.
No form it assum'd, it utter'd no voice,
All pervading it stirr'd me to mourn and rejoice.

'Twas full in my soul, which in picture beheld,
The beauteous creation, the mercies of God;
The Presence reproach'd my cold heart that withheld
The best of its love to the Author of good.
Abash'd, I look'd round on Creation's wide scene,
And each object reprov'd me where goodness was seen.

I look'd to the North and it chill'd me with cold,
I look'd to the East and with redness it blush'd,
The South, with a glow, my ingratitude told,
And the West shook his brow as to darkness he rush'd.
All nature look'd silent, disowning the soul,
Which drinks without praise of the rivers that roll.

Their waters of bounty and blessings around,
Joins not the chorus of birds and of springs,
Which rises in grateful perennial sound,
Like the harping of seraphs on golden strings.
But from clouds of dismay that seem'd gathering afar,
I discern'd the bright rising of Bethleham's star.

I wept at the sight of ingratitude past,
And the rainbow of mercy illumined the cloud,
I knelt with the hope I that mercy should taste,
And the clouds that began the sky to enshroud
Disperse'd, and the bright sun of righteousness rose,
And wak'd me to joy and a Sabbath's repose.

Methought when I wak'd what a lesson is taught,
How num'rous the ways of access to the mind,
The structure of nature with wisdom is fraught,
Our God without form, without voice we may find.
At the last day of trial each person will see,
And feel without hearing the Judge's decree.

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## ERRATA.

Page 100, line 2, for "keeps," read, *sleeps.*

Page 152, Verse XI, line 3, for "cherubic," read, *cherub.*

Page 153, Verse XIII, line 1, for "rests," read, *rest.*

—— —— line 6, for "imputed," read, *unspotted.*

Page 184, line 5, read, "*The same holy.*"

Page 199, line 3 from bottom, for "material," read *maternal.*

Page 233, line 3, for "In my sacred place," read, *In sacred silence.*

—— line 9, for "Strain'd," read, *Streamed.*

For Page 2, read, 234.

Page 234, line 2, read, "*And joins.*"

—— line 6, for "Bethleham's," read, *Bethlehem's.*

